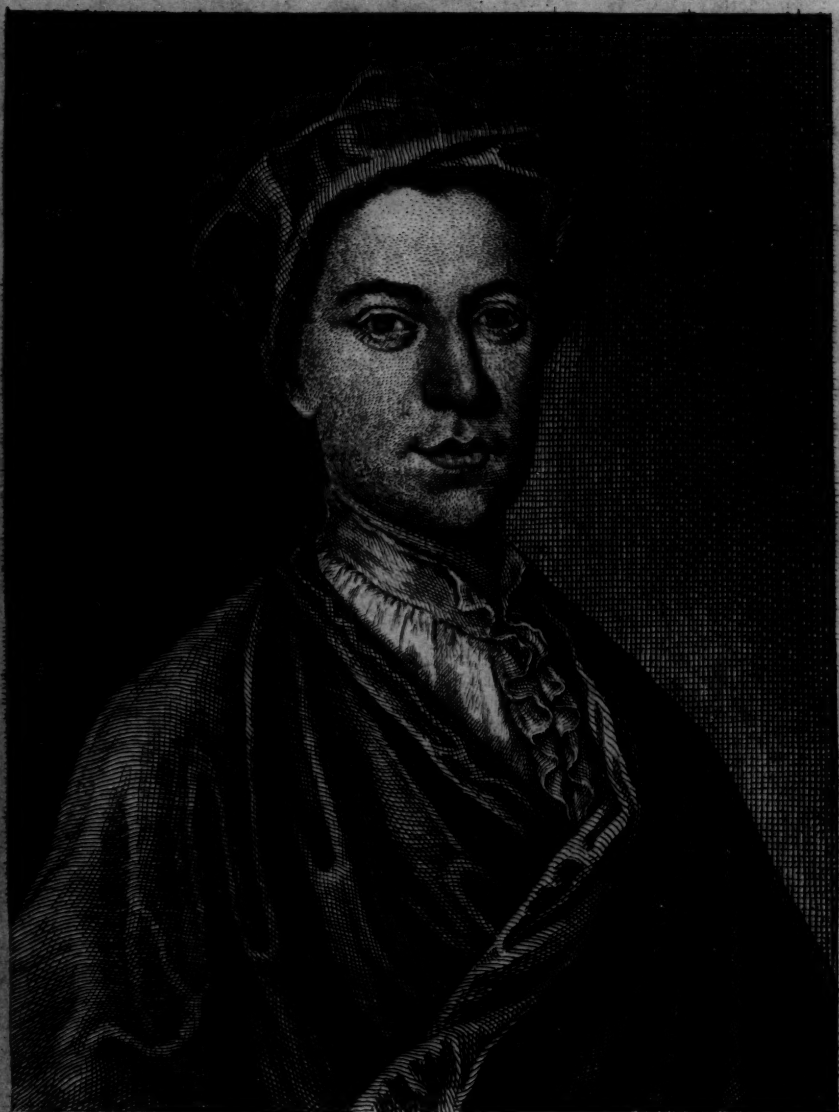


J. Saunders Pinxit.

P. Fourdrinier sculp.

M^r WILLIAM PATTISON, Aetat. 21.

*At MORDAUNT'S Shrine he offers up his Lays,
All Censure damns, if PETERBOROW Praise.*



J. Saunders Pinxit.

P. Fourdrinier sculp.

M^r WILLIAM PATTISON, Aetat. 21.

*At MORDAUNT'S Shrine he offers up his Lays,
All Censure damns, if PETERBOROW Praise.*

C U P I D's
METAMORPHOSES
O R,
Love *in all* Shapes.
B E I N G
The SECOND and last VOLUME
O F T H E
P O E T I C A L W O R K S
O F
Mr. *William Pattison*,
Late of *Sidney College, Cambridge.*


OVID, in all his Changes, *shews great Art,*
But PATTISON by Nature *strikes the Heart.*
Europa's BULL we find, and Leda's SWAN,
Sink far beneath that Lordly Creature MAN.
He never deviates from Creation's-Road,
Nor would assume a Brute to be a God.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXVIII.

Price Six Shillings.

OPTICAL WORKS





T O

F L O R I O, at York.

S I R,

AN Address to you, is not only a Debt of Honour, but the best Cover under which I could frank these *last* REMAINS of our departed Friend.

AMONG the *Letters* and other *Papers* you have so generously communicated, I find by one of the former, dated from *Sidney College*, Aug. 15. 1725, he acquaints you, that, *He had been lately at London, where he found sufficient Encouragement to undertake a Translation of Ovid's EPISTLES, which he had made some progress in, and hoped to finish in half a Year's time.*

AND in another *Letter* of the 16th of November following, he says, *he is ashamed to mention the slow Progress he made in OVID.* But adds, that, *he had gone through eight EPISTLES, viz. Sapho to Phaon ; Oenone to Paris ; Paris to Hellen ; Penelope to Ulysses ; Ariadne to Theseus ; Dido to Aeneas ; Leander to Hero, and Hero to Leander.*

To FLORIO at York.

I have opened this Volume, with the above-mentioned EPISTLES, except that among all his Papers in my Custody, I could not find *Hero to Leander* (nor is *Leander to Hero* quite finished) but instead of the former I have inserted part of *Laodamia to Proteuslaus*; which I rather chose to let go, as I found it, than solicit the perfecting of it by any other hand.

NEXT follows, his LAURA: or, the MISTRESS. Wherein, every Address to this LADY (be she *imaginary* or *real*) will be found wholly free from the gross *double Entendre* of our modern Poetasters. In all his *Love Verses*, OVID and WALLER were the Patterns he chose to imitate; his *Translations* have the perfect *Idiom* of the *one*, and his *Originals* the *genteel Turn* of the *other*. These are closed with a few *occasional Copies*, and his last Performance, *The Epistle to the King, on his Accession*.

THE remaining part of this Volume, consists of his *Exercises* at *Appleby School* (which you were pleased to transmit) and of a few others wrote by him, while at the *University*; concluding with some curious Pieces of his *Friends*, which he had collected, and transcribed among his *own Papers*.

THE Two other Poems have been added to make this Volume equal to the former, and as they were very scarce, and have of late been very much enquired after, it is presumed the inserting of them here will not be unacceptable.

I am, Sir, your most obliged,

King's Coll.

humble Servant,

Dec. 7. 1727.

E. C.



THE CONTENTS.

*Those four Pieces thus marked †, were printed in
the Author's Life Time.*

Select EPISTLES from *Ovid*, viz.

S	Apho to Phaon.	—	pag. 1
	Oenone to Paris.	—	19
	Paris to Hellen.	—	34
	Penelope to Ulysses.	—	62
	Ariadne to Theseus.	—	72
	Dido to Æneas.	—	84
	Leander to Hero.	—	102
	Laodamia to Protefilaus.	—	109

LAURA, or, the MISTRESS. *Love Verses*, viz.

—	An Epistle to Laura. <i>An Imitation of Ovid.</i>	—	115
	On a Rose gather'd, by Laura, in Winter.	—	120
	— On her Singing.	—	123
	— On her walking in the Rain.	—	124
	— On her thinking I mistook her for another in the Dark.	—	125
	— Her Picture.	—	127
	— † On a Feather in her Hair.	—	129
			Hellen

<i>Hellen and Laura. An Epigram.</i>	—	130
<i>To Belinda, Fishing.</i>	—	131
<i>The Fatal Request, to Cupid.</i>	—	133
<i>On hearing a very homely and deform'd Lady sing finely.</i>	—	134
<i>To a Friend in Love.</i>	—	136
<i>The disappointed Maid and the drowsy Swain. A Tale.</i>	—	137
<i>The Case Stated, from Horace.</i>	—	140
<i>A Prologue to the Funeral, a Comedy, supposed to be spoken before the University of Cambridge.</i>		141
<i>The Enjoyment, to Laura.</i>	—	144
<i>A Description of his Mistress.</i>	—	147
<i>Sent me from a Lady, with a Rose.</i>	—	148
<i>On an Apple given me by Laura.</i>	—	149
<i>The Parting. A Song.</i>	—	150
<i>On hearing a Lady sing Prior's Alexis.</i>	—	152
<i>To a Lady, who, in return for a Copy of Verses, sent me a flower'd Cap.</i>	—	154
<i>On Crito, who wrote against me.</i>	—	155
<i>† On reading the Turtle and Sparrow, a Tale, by Mr. Prior.</i>	—	158
<i>On seeing Mr. Prior's Monument in Westminster- Abbey.</i>	—	160
<i>† A Receipt to make a Modern Poet.</i>	—	161
<i>The Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes. Transla- ted from Mr. Addison.</i>	—	165
<i>† An Epistle to his Majesty King George II, on his Accession to the Throne.</i>	—	171
<i>Poems and Translations, written by Mr. Pattison, when at Appleby-School, viz. A Pastoral.</i>		185
<i>Horace, Book II. Ode 3d. paraphras'd. To a Lady.</i>		183
		Up-

((iii))

<i>Upon Belinda, who, gathering a Rose, prickt her Finger.</i>	— — —	191
<i>The Conquest.</i>	— — —	192
<i>On Contentment.</i>	— — —	193
<i>A Divine Poem, selected from the 18th and 91st Psalms.</i>	— — —	196
<i>Part of the 38th and 39th Chapters of Job. Paraphras'd in Blank Verse.</i>	— — —	202
<i>An Elegy to the Memory of a Friend, begun in his Sickness.</i>	— — —	209
<i>To Laura.</i>	— — —	213
<i>An Idyllium.</i>	— — —	215
<i>The Dissenter.</i>	— — —	217
<i>Amoret and Florimello. A pastoral Song.</i>	— — —	218
<i>To an old Lady who painted.</i>	— — —	220
<i>Upon Zephyrinda's singing.</i>	— — —	221

EPIGRAMS.

<i>Spoken extempore to a Lady, upon seeing her Shadow in the Water.</i>	— — —	223
<i>Upon a lame Man newly married.</i>	— — —	ib.
<i>Written with a Penknife on a Tree.</i>	— — —	224
<i>Upon a Lady's having been at Naples.</i>	— — —	ib.
<i>Wrote in a Lady's Pocket-Book.</i>	— — —	225
<i>On a Drunkard's writing his Mistress's Name on a Drinking Glass.</i>	— — —	ib.
<i>The Quack.</i>	— — —	226
<i>The Miser.</i>	— — —	227
<i>From Horace, applied to Chloe.</i>	— — —	228
<i>Upon a lame, Latin-Elegiac, Bard.</i>	— — —	229
<i>Speak Truth and shame the Devil.</i>	— — —	ib.
<i>Upon one who stiled himself a great Master of the Easy Poetry.</i>	— — —	230
		Ano-

<i>Another.</i>	—	—	—	230
<i>On Chloe.</i>	—	—	—	231
<i>On the same,</i>	—	—	—	ib.
<i>On the same.</i>	—	—	—	232
<i>On a Lady's Birth-Day.</i>	—	—	—	233
<i>Toast.</i>	—	—	—	ib.
<i>Bélinda.</i>	—	—	—	234
<i>Upon the Lord Rochester's Poem on Nothing.</i>	—	—	—	ib.
<i>To Cælia.</i>	—	—	—	235
<i>Verses on the Death of Mr. William Pattison.</i>	—	—	—	237
<i>Ode to Melancholy. By Mr. Roche of King's-College.</i>	—	—	—	247
<i>A Paraphrase on some Passages in the Book of Wisdom, Chap. 5. 7. 8. By the same.</i>	—	—	—	254
<i>Ode on Time. ibid.</i>	—	—	—	261
<i>The Country Christening.</i>	—	—	—	270
<i>To a Lady who returned his Letter unopen'd. By Mr. B——.</i>	—	—	—	283
<i>The Last Guinea. By Mr. Bowman, a Scots Gentleman. Wrote in the South Sea Tear.</i>	—	—	—	291
<i>Allusion to Mr. Philips's Splendid Shilling.</i>	—	—	—	305

E R R A T A.

- Page 104, Line 3. for *fwee* read *sweep*.
 p. 109, l. 3. for *e'er* read *o'er*.
 p. 192, l. 9. for *By* read *By such*, &c.
 p. 255, l. 15. for *Eastern* read *Western*.



Miscellaneous POEMS.

Select EPISTLES from OVID.

Sapho to Phaon.

THE ARGUMENT.

I have often, and very justly I think, ranked this beautiful Epistle of Ovid's, among his Masterpieces, both for its refined Touches, and softest Strokes of Nature; the Diction is sweet and harmonious, the Sentiments delicate and tender; and in short, such as a Lady of Sapho's amorous Disposition, as her celebrated Ode represents her, might very justly, and very happily be supposed to write.

VOL. II.

B

In

In the Design of this Epistle, Sapho kindly upbraids her Lover Phaon (who had left her and fled to Sicily) for his cruel and abrupt departure, and by very passionately deploring his absence, endeavours to regain his Affections; concluding with this Resolution, either to recover his Love, or abate her own, by throwing herself from a Rock in Leucadia, famous for relieving Persons in her Distress..

IS then this Hand to Phaon's Eyes unknown?

Is Sapho then so soon forgotten grown!

Can no Remembrance of a former Flame,

What not my Love! reflect the Writer's Name?

Nor tho' unusual Strains my Measures tell,

Enquire a Cause you sure must know too well:

Alas! no more the Lute, no more the Lyre,

Untun'd by Griefs, my Love-sick Soul inspire:

Mix'd

Mix'd with my Tears, my mournful Numbers flow,
 And my sad Numbers breathe the Voice of Woe.
 Alas! I burn —— but Sighs my Flame inspire,
 As Winds thro' kindled Corn diffuse the Fire.
 To glowing *Ætna* faithless *Phaon* goes,
 While more than *Ætna* in my Bosom glows.
 Mellifluous Musick now no more can please,
 Musick can only charm a Mind at ease;
 Soft soothing Arts on me unartful prove,
 For as they soothe, they fan the Flames of Love;
 In vain, my kind Companions, once so dear!
 With study'd Wiles, amuse my gloomy Care;
 In vain their friendly Avocations please,
 Love turns the very Med'cine to Disease:
 Love's warmer Fires the former Friend controul,
 For *Phaen*, dearest *Phaon*! fills my Soul!
Phaon!—so sweet he smiles, then sighs such Darts,
 That surely 'tis an Heaven to lose our Hearts!
 Like *Bacchus*, wou'd the Charmer bind his Brow;
 Like *Phœbus*, tune the Lyre, or twang the Bow;

Bacchus at his, might feel fresh Blushes rise,
And *Phæbus* trust his Arrows to his Eyes.
Yet both these Gods, the Power of Love confess'd,
And human Beauties warm'd their Heavenly Breast;
Beauties, that ne'er like me, soft Measures knew,
To court those Gods, as I have courted you:
Yet, tho' my Numbers flow, surpass'd by none,
Or to sublime *Alcæus* yield alone,
Tho' ev'ry Muse inspire my softer Strain,
While *Phaon's* deaf, alas! I sing in vain!
What tho' perhaps my Face can boast no Arts,
No Female Magick of alluring Hearts;
Yet Nature, for that transient Power declin'd,
With Wit's superiour Power improv'd my Mind:
Short tho' my Stature, yet my lofty Name
O'er the wide World distends my deathless Fame;
If fair I am not, yet a swarthier Face
Cou'd charm young *Perseus* to a dear Embrace.
The jerry Turtle seeks the silver Dove,
Yet both, you know, are call'd the Birds of Love.

With

With various Colours, various Colours join,
And Vivids with *Cerulean* Azure shine:
But if such Nymphs, as not your Equals prove,
You ne'er can love, alas! you ne'er can love.

NOR should I think too humbly of these Charms,
That once could win a *Phaon* to my Arms;
That once——for ah! how Love records each Joy!
That once alone could *Phaon's* Soul employ!
Ev'n Trifles then, like Magick Charms could move,
And ev'ry Trifle was a Charm of Love:
Whene'er my Musick breath'd, you bless'd the Song,
And o'er my rising Neck enamour'd hung;
With speaking Eyes confess'd the pleasing Pain,
And with a dying Softness drank the Strain:
At ev'ry Note, you led away a Heart,
At ev'ry Look, receiv'd a double Dart;
'Till panting at the flowing Joy we sigh'd,
Mix'd our warm Souls, and into Life we dy'd!

THE soft *Sicilians* now thy Soul subdue,
 Gods that I were a soft *Sicilian* too!
 Nor boast, ye Nymphs! the Conquest of your Eyes,
 Tho' glorious, yet delusive is the Prize!
 If ye, like me, the Tempter's Oaths believe,
 Too soon they'll conquer, and too soon deceive!
 Prov'd by my Fate, experienc'd are his Arts,
 And constant only, in destroying Hearts.

OH *Venus*! since *Sicilia* owns thy Power,
 To these fond Arms, the roving Youth restore;
 Indulgent to my Strains, afford a Cure,
 Or teach my Soul her Sorrows to endure.
 With my first Years, began my early Grief,
 And must Misfortunes lengthen with my Life!
 Corroding Sorrows canker'd all my Bloom,
 Sprung from my Parents too untimely Tomb;
 My Brother next opprobrious to our Race,
 His Fame polluted by a lewd Embrace:

A Pyrate now, repairs his squander'd Wealth,
 And what by Lust he lost, regains by Stealth.
 Oft with a Sister's Care, the Youth I warn'd,
 But he my Care, with haughty Taunts return'd;
 A much-lov'd Daughter's Fate distracts me now,
 Adds Grief to Grief, and Misery to Woe!
 Yet, these Afflictions, Reason might controul,
 Did not more deep Afflictions sting my Soul;
 Did not thy Wrongs, the last, the greatest prove,
 For neither Death, nor Fortune wound like Love.

No more my Robes the costly Fair display,
 No more my Fingers dart a Diamond Day;
 No more my flowing Looks enstarr'd, exhale
 The clouding Odours of *Arabia's* Gale;
 But, all disorder'd with the ruffling Air,
 Denote a Mind disorder'd more with Care:
 On whom should these alluring Arts be shown
 But him I love? And him I love is gone!

What killing Arrows wound my tender Heart?
Yet, such is Love, I blefs the killing Dart.
For fo the Fates my vital Thread ordain,
And fure they spun it from a Lover's Chain!
What Arts I try to chafe my Cares away?
How all my Actions all thofe Arts betray!
In vain I touch the Lute, or fweep the Lyre,
Soft Mufick but indulges foft Defire:
Harmonious Charms in vain my Fancy move,
For ah! far ftronger are the Charms of Love,
Far ftronger are thy foft enchanting Charms!
Who would not die to clasp thee in her Arms!——
For thee, *Aurora*, *Cephalus* might fcorn,
Nor blufh to paint her Paffion on the Morn;
Cynthia, for thee, *Endymion* might defpife,
And gild her Crescent with thy brighter Eyes:
Venus would place thee with the Gods above,
Would not thy Charms fupplant the God of Love.
Oh dear enchanting Youth! transporting Boy!
The Bloom of Life, the Spring of Love enjoy:

To

To my soft Breast in Tides of Transports flow,
 There *Phaon*, — take the Love you won't bestow.
 See! while I write, my Eyes in Torrents stream,
 To kiss, and mingle with dear *Phaon's* Name!
 Dear *Phaon*! Yet this *Phaon* left me tho'—
 Can Lovers leave a melting Mistress so?
 Could no deceitful Sigh, no lying Tear,
 Express at least a counterfeited Fear!
 If not your Love, your Gratitude to shew,
 You might have utter'd formally, Adieu.
 Nor could that Accent, like this Silence wound,
 Thy soothing Tongue had soften'd the harsh Sound.
 No Kiss you breath'd, the Lover's last Relief,
 No Kiss receiv'd, nor left me aught but Grief!
 No Gift I gave, nor cou'd my Gifts impart,
 So pure a Token as my love-sick Heart!
 No binding Vows we join'd, our Faith to prove,
 Alas! I trusted to the Bonds of Love!
 Nor, had I known your Flight, had utter'd more
 Than—Live, and love your *Sapho*, as before.

By ev'ry Muse that e'er my Mind possess'd,
By Love, that Guardian of thy cruel Breast,
When doubtful Fame at first proclaim'd thee gone,
Such swift cold Shiv'rings thro' my Pulses run,
My startled Soul alarm'd by Grief, like you
Had nearly fled, her *Phaon* to pursue ;
Speechless a-while I bore the desp'rate Strife,
And seem'd a frozen Monument of Grief:
'Till Storms of Sighs that long imprison'd lay,
Burst out, and stream'd in Tides of Tears away.
Distracted, griev'd, I beat my lab'ring Breast,
And each Extravagance of Grief express'd.
Less pang'd, the widow'd Parent makes her Moan,
Less griev'd, deplores her dead, her darling Son.
My Brother too, if such his Nature shows,
With an insulting Pride enjoys my Woes ;
With scornful Comfort counterfeits Relief,
Intruding breaks, and aggravates my Grief.
" Thy Daughter lives (he cries) then why these Cares ?
" And whence this Female Flood of idle Tears ?

At

At this, I rave, my wounded Bosom tear,
 And raging, to the World my Wrongs declare ;
 Accuse thy Crimes, regardless of my Fame,
 For Love, alas! is ever blind to Shame !
 And what is Fame, or all, compar'd to thee?
 Thou ! thou art Fame, Life, Love, ah!-- All to me !
 Thy dear Idea all my Soul employs,
 Streams in my Tears, and sparkles in my Joys :
 Thy dear Idea wounds my lonesome Days,
 By Night, my Griefs, with kinder Dreams repays :
 When bound in those soft Banes, I taste thy Charms,
 And sink incircled in thy softer Arms :
 Then, then I feel thee to my Soul return !
Phaon, the same in all, except thy Scorn.
 Then *Phaon* ! then, thy balmy Lips I press ;
 And then, thy balmy Lips repeat the Kifs !
 Repeated Kisses animate Desire,
 And breath'd in Whispers blow the rising Fire ;
 Till kindling at a Soul-dissolving Sigh,
 Fainting, o'er-power'd I pant— and melting die

Away in Joys, that only Lovers know,
In Joys, that only can from *Phaon* flow :
In Joys, that soon their Author's Arts betray ;
Like *Phaon*, charm!— like *Phaon* flit away !
Wing'd with the Dawn, they take their hasty Flight,
And the Morn blushes at the dear Delight ;
When I, again deceiv'd, again betray'd,
With study'd Slumbers court the fleeting Shade ;
In vain,— the Sun emergent, pours the Day,
And the deluding Phantom melts away.
A Stranger to the balmy Joys of Rest,
Raving I rise, and beat my throbbing Breast ;
Frantic, to some Night-shaded Grot repair,
Wild as my Thoughts, and dark as my Despair :
The Grot that once our mutual Pleasures knew,
In plaintive Echoes murmurs to my Woe ;
O'er the rough Rocks, my musing Eyes I roll,
There view the savage Image of my Soul ;
See Nature's Hand her simple Works impart,
Superiour to the Mimickries of Art.

How

How thick-brow'd Rocks with mossy Horror frown,
 And wildly emulate the polish'd Stone;
 O'er-arching Forests crown the solemn Scene,
 And wave with gloomy Pleasure o'er the Plain.
 Oft, as I sigh my former Joys, explore
 Embrown'd with Shades the dear frequented Bower;
 Each Bank, the Treasury of Love survey,
 But find, alas! the Treasure lost away;
 Press the dear Place, where dearer *Phaon* lay,
 And sigh, and weep, and slumber out the Day:
 Bath'd with my Eyes, the Grass my Anguish wears,
 Imbibes my Woes, and seems to weep my Tears.
 As livery'd with Grief, the Groves appear,
 And seem, like me, to shiver with Despair;
 The Groves in leafy Tears, their *Phaon* weep,
 And the sad Birds their Songs in Sorrow steep;
 No tuneful Notes amuse the silent Plains,
 No Sounds, but *Philomela's* mournful Strains;
 With *Philomela's* Strains, I murmur mine,
 And to her *Tereus*, faithless *Phaon* join.

To

To Slumber sacred, and serene Repose,
In silver Sounds a crystal Current flows ;
A flow'ry *Lotos* shades the velvet Green,
Fans the cool Streams, and paints the floating Scene ;
Here, as I late repos'd my weary Head,
An azure *Nereid* rose, and rising said,
" Unhappy Nymph ! by Love betray'd, arise,
" And boldly seek the fam'd *Leucadian* Seas ;
" A Rock there stands by great *Apollo's* Fane,
" A Charm for those, who love like thee, in vain :
" *Deucalion* once by *Pyrrha's* Scorn oppress'd,
" Here quench'd his Flame and freed his lab'ring Breast ;
" The Flame reviv'd, in *Pyrrha's* Bosom burn'd,
" And all her Scorn to softer Passion turn'd :
" Like him resolv'd, perform the lofty Leap,
" Nor dread the Dangers of the distant Deep.
She said, and sinking in the circling Flood,
From my dim Eyes the streaming Sorrow flow'd.

I fly, Oh Nymph! I fly the Charm to prove,
 Strong are my Fears! but stronger is my Love!
 Resolv'd, I fly, inflam'd by fierce Disdain;
 Assuage I may, but not increase my Pain!
 With the soft Gales, oh Love! be kinder now,
 Hover thy Wings, and ease my Fall below:
 Decreas'd by Cares, nor let my guiltless Blood
 With blushing Stains pollute the sacred Flood!
 Then shall my Lyre *Apollo's* Temple grace,
 And, grateful, wear inscrib'd this votive Verse;
 " This Lyre on *Phæbus*, *Sapho's* Hand bestow'd,
 " A tuneful Off'ring on a tuneful God;
 " May the same God, with kind indulgent Power,
 " Protect the sacred Lyre he tun'd before!

YET, why oh *Phaon*! must I seek the Main,
 When you alone, that caus'd, can ease my Pain;
 Shall the rough Rock, and savage Ocean prove
 More soft than one, by Nature form'd for Love!

Thy

Thy stronger Charms have Magick to prevail,
Where all those Charms, and ev'n their God can fail.
Methinks, thou could'st not rather see me lie,
Dash'd on sharp Rocks, than on thy Bosom sigh!
Could'st thou thus doom these tender Breasts of mine,
From panting, growing, melting into thine:
These Breasts that once could all thy Soul employ,
And beating kindle dear Alarms to Joy!
Alas! in vain they charm'd, that charm'd no more,
Now swell'd with Griefs, that swell'd with Joy before!
Ye *Lesbian* Nymphs, no more my Lays require,
Lost is the Poet's, in the Lover's Fire!
No more my Voice with wonted Musick sings,
No more my Hand awakes the warb'ling Strings:
Since my dear *Phaon*, since my Love Divine—
Ah me! my Tongue would still pronounce thee mine:
Since from these Arms the faithless *Phaon* fled,
Dull are my Strains, and all my Fancy's dead.
But, oh! ye Nymphs, engage his quick Return,
Then shall my Breast with wonted Ardour burn;

Transporting Strains revive my lofty Lyre,
And Love the long-neglected Lute inspire.

How canst thou, *Phaon*, so obdurate prove,
Deaf to each Charm, and ev'ry Art of Love!
Alas! in vain, I fear, my Prayers I sigh,
Like me, I fear my Prayers in Silence die!
Waft them, ye Gales, to wand'ring *Phaon's* Ear,
And with them, join to waft the Wand'rer here.
Swift as the Gales, my ling'ring Love convey,
How my Soul suffers by this long Delay!
Fair Beauty's Queen shall smoothe her Parent Seas,
Lull the loud Winds, and smile the Waves to Peace:
Love, Love himself the flying Course shall guide,
Swell the soft Sails, and waft the floating Tide.

BUT if poor *Sapho* must for ever mourn,
And if You *Phaon* never will return;

If endless Absence must increase my Pain,
O! let one Line confirm that cold Disdain!
Despairing, then those kinder Rocks I'll try,
And there, forget to love, or learn to die.



OEnone



OEnone to Paris.

THE ARGUMENT.

When Hecuba was with Child of Paris, she had a Dream of her being delivered of a Firebrand: Priam, upon this, consulting the ORACLE, was told, that, the Infant she went with, should cause the Destruction of TROY; Priam therefore resolved at its Birth, that it should be torn to pieces by wild Beasts. Hecuba privately conveys away the Boy to Mount Ida, leaving him to the Shepherds care. Here, in process of Time, he became enamoured with the Nymph OEnone. But at last, being found out, he went upon an Expedition to Greece, and carried Hellen to TROY; OEnone hearing thereof, writes him this Epistle.

THES E Lines my lovely faithless Swain peruse,
 If yet your Bride such Liberty allows;
 No Rage they threaten from resenting Greece,
 No News relate obnoxious to your Peace,

For poor *OEnone* now, tho' once so dear,
Below your Grandeur, is below your Care!
Yet hear, tho' deaf to Love, yet hear her Moan;
And listen to those Joys, you deign'd to crown.

WHAT cruel Gods thus emulous could prove,
Destroy our Happiness, and blast our Love!
What Guilt of mine could call their Vengeance down!
If Love can be the Crime, the Crime's their own:
Ills when deserv'd, in Patience find Relief;
But, when thus hardly borne, dissolve to Grief!

YET, once there was a Time, when *Ida's* Plain
Confess'd no Title but the lovely Swain;
When I, the fairest of the rural Fair,
Warm'd your young Breast, and was your only Care;
When you, a Shepherd, with the Shepherds strove,
And innocently won me into Love:
Sooth'd with those harmless unaffected Charms,
Heedless, I caught the Passion from your Arms.

In

In my dear *Paris* center'd all my Joy,
 And all *OEnone* fill'd my faithful Boy.
 How happy then we languish'd out the Day!
 Toy'd in soft Shades, and slept in new-made Hay.
 How happy then we languish'd out the Night!
 New Joys returning with returning Light!
 Fresh as the Morn, I join'd the Sylvan Chace,
 And tun'd the Chorus of the latrant Race;
 With you the Groves I rang'd, the Fields beset,
 And watch'd the Motions of the swelling Net:
 With you retiring to the breezy Shade,
 Cool Fruits, and flaking Streams our Thirst allay'd.
 There, on each Tree you carv'd our mutual Names,
 And with the living Letters grew our Flames:
 While Love, recording with a keener Dart,
 Engrav'd each Token deeper on my Heart!

CLOSE by a Stream, and bord'ring on a Grove,
 A Beech now bears this Token of our Love;

Long may it bear! long stand the Test of Years!
And flourish by the Sanction of this Verse!
“ When *Paris* his *OEnone* falsely leaves,
“ *Xanthus*! like him be false, reverse thy Waves.
Reverse thy Waves, O Stream! return again,
And murmur’ring, mourn with me my faithless Swain!

CURST be that Day! my blooming Hope’s Annoy!
Date of my Griefs, and Period of my Joy!
When the bright Powers descended from the Skies,
To learn the Judgment of your brighter Eyes.
This when you told, my dead’ning Heart was struck,
And all my Soul with sudden Horror shook:
Each Sage, consulted warn’d some Change too near,
Increas’d my Sorrows, and confirm’d my Fear!

BUT when prepar’d, your Fleet at Anchor lay,
To bear my fond, believing Heart away;
How spoke those parting Eyes! O ne’er reprove
The noble Tenders of a virtuous Love!

How

How lock'd in Folds these clasping Arms I cast !
Nor Vines, nor Ivy circle Elms so fast !
Nor Elms when shook with Winds o'ercharg'd with
Dew,

Whispers such Sighs, or drop such Tears as you.
What Sighs ! what Tears ! what Tendernefs express'd
Your Soul dissolving on my panting Breast !
What kind ! what dear—enchanting Sorrows fell,
To sooth, and soften that harsh Sound, Farewel !
Still the harsh Sound sunk deeper in our Heart,
And still we met a thousand Times to part !
The Sailors wonder'd at your tedious Stay,
But Love still fram'd Excuses for Delay.

'TILL now, at last the long-expecting Gales,
Rais'd by our Sorrows, fill'd the swelling Sails,
With slow reluctant Feet our Way we bend,
And sadly-loving on each other lean'd ;
With melancholy Steps approach'd the Shore,
Stop'd at each dear Recess ; now dear no more !

Survey'd each solitary Scene of Love,
And bid adieu to ev'ry lonesome Grove;
The lonesome Groves, as if they sorrow'd too,
Wav'd by the Gales, submissive bow'd, Adieu!

AND now the last, dear parting Kifs was given,
And now the last, dear Vow was breath'd to Heaven;
When to the Shore the hast'ning Vessel row'd,
And dancing off, seem'd lighter with its Load:
My streaming Eyes the floating Fleet pursue,
Their Griefs increasing at the left'ning View;
But when the pleasing Prospect sunk in Air,
My melting Heart I view'd, and view'd thee there;
Each Power I weary with imploring Cries,
Swell with my Tears the Floods, the Winds with Sighs:
In soft-befeeching, plaintive Murmurs mourn,
And court the *Nereids* for your quick Return.
The list'ning *Nereids* soon my Swain restore,
But ah! how chang'd from what he was before!

How

How chang'd his Manners, and how chang'd his Name!
Ev'n nothing but those Eyes remain the same;
Those dear-deluding Eyes, those blooming Charms
Are still the same to all—except these Arms!

Beat by the Tides, and crown'd with waving Woods,
A lofty Mountain rises o'er the Floods;
Here daily with expecting Looks I sat,
By turns dejected, and by turns elate;
From hence, at last, I saw your Streamers play,
Waft o'er the Floods, and drink the beamy Day;
So gay, so bright, the fierce Effulgence shone,
The Sails emerging seem'd a rising Sun:
Struck by the Splendour of the pompous Show,
My gazing Eyes could scarce believe 'twas you;
But more confounded, more amaz'd, I see
A Rival-Beauty sit, and sit by thee;
With those soft Locks her wanton Fingers play'd,
Her Head reclining on your Bosom laid.

Stung

Strung to the Soul, with Fury fir'd, I stood,
Now thought to quench it in the roaring Flood ;
Now to the plaintive Groves my Griefs I pour,
And sigh my Sorrows in a silent Shower.

How shall I mourn those dear enchanting Charms !
How curse the cruel Rival of these Arms !
O ! may those Charms to her as fatal prove !
O ! may she mourn like me neglected Love !

Tho' now far-distant Nations learn your Fame,
Tho' foreign Ladies catch the flying Flame ;
Yet when an humble Swain your Flocks you fed,
No Princess, but *O Enone*, knew your Bed ;
No gaudy Title plum'd the golden Dart,
'Twas Love and Innocence surpriz'd my Heart ;
When melting in the Circle of these Arms,
You swore you sought no Glory like such Charms ;
No Poms, no Dignities desir'd to prove,
Unless to raise your Merits to my Love :

Of

Of all those Dignities I ask no part,
 Desire to share in nothing but your Heart !
 For that alone, I wish indulgent Fate,
 High as my Love, would raise my humble State ;
 Then should no Rival the vain Triumph boast,
 But Pomp regain the glorious Prize it lost !
 Nor need your Royal Parents blush to own,
 A Daughter much more virtuous than their Son.

SAY, do your filken Sofa's gentle prove
 Softer than these sweet sylvan Scenes of Love ?
 Say, can your *Hellen*, bright in guilty Charms,
 Like innocent *OEnone* please your Arms ?
 Can study'd Sounds indulge a purer Dream,
 Than the wild Musick of this purling Stream ?
 Here, no rude Fears the slumbring Soul annoy,
 No fierce Alarms intrude but those of Joy !
 Yet these, and more than these, must sure affright
 The false Possessor of another's Right :

Tho'

Tho' sweet her Charms, those Charms must be restor'd,
When Justice rouzes their avenging Lord.

BUT, does your Sire approve your loose Desires?
Does sage *Antenor's* Wisdom fan your Fires?
Should *Troy* assist, and second your Resolve,
Yet would a prudent Prince his Land involve?
Would any warlike Chief his Weapon draw
To brave the Gods, and violate the Law?

BUT soon your Fair, your boasted Fair, may change,
Condemn her Choice, and chuse again to range,
Some fond Variety may long to prove,
And turn, like you, a Commoner in Love;
Like you, *Atrides* once enjoy'd her Charms;
You too, like him, may mourn deserted Arms.
And should your Force the ravish'd Bride regain,
Her Innocence can ne'er return again.

O blest'd *Andromache* ! whose kinder Fate
 Bestows a Spouse, as virtuous, as he's great;
 From her firm Loyalty I copy'd mine,
 O could her *Hector*'s so in *Paris* shine!
 But faithless *Paris*, wanton as the Wind,
 Light as the Leaves, enjoys a fickle Mind;
 Quick as the Winds his wand'ring Thoughts are past,
 And, like the Leaves, are turn'd with ev'ry Blast!

Too well my fatal Fortunes now unfold
 What once propheticall *Cassandra* told;
 When swell'd, and lab'ring with Divinity,
 Full of the God she cry'd, and cry'd to me.

CEASE, Nymph, to plough these barren Lands, O
 cease,
 These barren Lands shall yield no kind Increase,
 The *Grecian* Heifer shall your Hopes destroy,
 Despoil your Cares, and prove the Bane of *Troy*!

She

Tho' sweet her Charms, those Charms must be restor'd,
When Justice rouses their avenging Lord.

BUT, does your Sire approve your loose Desires ?
Does sage *Antenor's* Wisdom fan your Fires ?
Should *Troy* assist, and second your Resolve,
Yet would a prudent Prince his Land involve ?
Would any warlike Chief his Weapon draw
To brave the Gods, and violate the Law ?

BUT soon your Fair, your boasted Fair, may change,
Condemn her Choice, and chuse again to range,
Some fond Variety may long to prove,
And turn, like you, a Commoner in Love ;
Like you, *Atrides* once enjoy'd her Charms ;
You too, like him, may mourn deserted Arms.
And should your Force the ravish'd Bride regain,
Her Innocence can ne'er return again.

O blest'd *Andromache* ! whose kinder Fate
 Bestows a Spouse, as virtuous, as he's great;
 From her firm Loyalty I copy'd mine,
 O could her *Hector*'s so in *Paris* shine!
 But faithless *Paris*, wanton as the Wind,
 Light as the Leaves, enjoys a fickle Mind;
 Quick as the Winds his wand'ring Thoughts are past,
 And, like the Leaves, are turn'd with ev'ry Blast!

Too well my fatal Fortunes now unfold
 What once propheticall *Cassandra* told;
 When swell'd, and lab'ring with Divinity,
 Full of the God she cry'd, and cry'd to me.

CEASE, Nymph, to plough these barren Lands, O
 cease,
 These barren Lands shall yield no kind Increase,
 The *Grecian* Heifer shall your Hopes destroy,
 Despoil your Cares, and prove the Bane of *Troy*!

She

She comes! good Heaven divert her fatal Way—
Sink! sink the Ship! and plunge it in the Sea :
What Flames of Rage! what Deluges of Blood!
O! quench them! drown them in the whelming
Flood.

SHE said : her Servants the mad Priests caught,
And left my gloomy Soul involv'd in Thought ;
Ah! now too plain the Fates the Heifer seize,
For *Hellen* reaps the Harvest of the Seas.

FAIR tho' she be, would any, but a Whore,
With one unknown forsake her Native Shore,
Neglect her Honour, disregard her Life,
And stain the Duty of a virtuous Wife ?
But lost to ev'ry Sense of honest Fame,
She nothing but reiterates her Shame :
Debauch'd by *Theseus*, blushes now no more,
And laughs at Scruples she might fear before.

When

When young, with him she stole a base Escape ;
Tho' her Friends smooth the Story with a Rape ;
Pretend the Ravisher restor'd her Charms
Untouch'd, untasted from his longing Arms :
Let those that will believe the specious Art—
Her Eyes had Power, he a Lover's Heart !
And she that once but yields to loose Desires,
For ever burns in those unlawful Fires.
But I, because a Stranger to those Thoughts,
Must mourn my Virtues, as I mourn my Faults.
Should I, like you, my plighted Faith betray,
Well might you spare the Crime, who lead the Way !

How sacred, how inviolate my Love!
How clear my Honour! witness every Grove!
Mov'd by their fruitless Hopes, the rural Train
Declare their Passion, but declare in vain :
For me, the Sylvan Powers forsake their Shades,
And kindly court me to their cooling Glades ;

With ever-living Wreaths adorn their Hair,
And for my sake, the Lover's Garland wear.
Ev'n He, the God whose Rays the World inspire,
Despair'd to set my virtuous Breast on fire,
With ev'ry soothing Blandishment he try'd,
But Honour ev'ry Blandishment defy'd.
Despis'd his Proffers with disdainful Eyes,
And scorn'd the Lover in the sordid Price ;
'Till Flame increasing, as his Flatt'ry fail'd,
The baffled Lover in the God prevail'd :
Nor could his Strength an easy Conquest boast,
I lost reluctant, what at last I lost.
With streaming Eyes atton'd the base Abuse,
And hope'd the Author could the Crime excuse :
Mov'd by my Wrongs, and influenc'd by my Grief ;
The grateful God administred Relief ;
Inspir'd each wise, medicinary Power,
To sooth my Sorrows, and my Soul restore ;
Disclos'd each Secret, open'd ev'ry Art ;
Taught to save Life—but not a Lover's Heart !

Here

Here, all his Secrets, all his Arts must fail !
Nor could the God his own Distemper heal.

BUT charming *Paris* ! lovely, faithless Swain !
'Tis you alone can give, and ease that Pain !
Your Arts alone beyond the Gods can prove,
And speak a greater God, at least in Love !
O haste my *Paris* ! my Complaints regard,
My Sorrows pity, and my Truth reward !
In loose, unlawful Flames no longer burn,
But, where you left your Innocence return ;
There let our early *sacred* Passions shine,
Rejoin their Lustre, and commence *Divine*.





Paris to Hellen.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris being gone to Sparta in quest of Hellen, whom Venus had promised him as the Reward of his Judgment in assigning to her the Prize of Beauty, was there nobly entertained by her Husband Menelaus; who being sent for to take Possession of the Effects of his Grandfather Atreus, at Crete, earnestly recommends Paris to Hellen's Care. During his absence, Paris commences her Suitor, and writes her the following Epistle.

ALL Health to thee, fair Nymph! thy *Paris* sends,
 All Health to thee, on whom, his own depends:
 Must I then speak? and must my Tongue reveal
 A Secret, which my Eyes too plainly tell?

O!

O! could I hide the Wish I fear to name!
Would rather kinder Fortune guide my Flame!
My Flame! that, spite of all Restraints, displays
Its rising Force, and ev'n it self betrays;
In private, prompts my tim'rous Tongue to prove,
To thee, my beauteous, charming Nymph, I love:
I love! may no severe Reproof controul,
The true, the tender Message of my Soul!
May no fierce Passions that soft Bosom fire,
But such as kindle, such as feed Desire.

How blest'd these Lines obey my soft Command,
To see that Face, and touch that melting Hand!
Yet, if my Hopes, and Promises are true,
I, soon, like them, may kiss those Fingers too:
For know, fair Nymph, to justify my Flame,
'Twas by the Gods, the Gods Command, I came;
Else, nor my Pride, nor Vanity could dare,
To whisper at your Feet a dying Prayer.

Led by the Promise of the Queen of Charms,
I come to court her Image to my Arms :
For this, the Goddess brought me thro' the Sea,
And calm'd old *Ocean* as she led the way ;
For this, soft *Cupids* fann'd the wafting Gales,
And with kind Whispers swell'd the filken Sails.
Still may such gracious Powers controul the Main,
Still kind to Voyagers, like me remain !
And as they lull'd the Roarings of the Deep,
O ! may they lull my raging Fears asleep ;
Compose my troubled Soul to peaceful Rest,
And guide my Heart to harbour in your Breast.

LED by no Error, by no Tempest tost,
I landed on the Confines of your Coast ;
No mercenary Prospects I pursue,
Prospects too far below a Lover's View !
The Fates, already, have bestow'd me Store
So large, that only you can make it more.

Nor

Nor came I here a gazing Spy to prove,
 For what could I discover, blind with Love?
 For thee, bright Nymph! for those dear Charms I came,
 The Gift, the Promise of the *Cyprian* Dame;
 Thy lovely Person, tho' unseen, I knew,
 My Wishes, all my Soul was fix'd on you:
 Nor wonder, how, so far, my Breast was fir'd,
 When Fate, and Love, with Eyes like yours conspir'd;
 To reconcile your Faith, my Story hear;
 Believe the Wonder, and the Gods revere.

E'ER yet my labouring Mother brought me forth,
 Whilst I lay strug'ling for the Pangs of Birth;
 By the Delusion of a mighty Dream,
 She thought, her Offspring prov'd a Torch on flame:
 Amaz'd, the Vision to my Sire she told,
 And thus, the summon'd Seers the Fates unfold.
 " That I to *Troy* a future Flame should prove—
 How well the Prophets pointed at my Love?

My Parents, mov'd by superstitious Care,
To shun the Danger, and avert their Fear,
Committed me to the *Ideän* Swains,
Doom'd to the simple Pleasure of the Plains;
But soon, my growing Years disclos'd a Mind
Superior to those humble Ends design'd;
Intrinsically great, my Virtues shone,
And, tho' eclips'd, they seem'd to claim a Throne.

A tow'ring Hill there stands in *Ida's* Grove,
Unbrowz'd its Turf, and dark with Shades above;
Here, as with musing Eyes, I once survey'd,
Troy's Turrets rising thro' the misty Shade;
A sudden Sound of Feet, I seem'd to hear,
And quick Commotions echo'd on my Ear;
When to my Sight a Form Divine appear'd,
And *Maija's* Son, the Form Divine declar'd;
My wond'ring Eyes confess'd the Heav'nly Power,
Known by the Wand, and Silver Plumes he wore.

But

But soon I saw, descending from above,
Saturnia, Pallas, and the Queen of Love;
 Aw'd by superior Majesty, I stood,
 And, trembling, heard the missionary God,
 Who thus bespoke my Fears— "Shepherd! be bold—
 " These Rivals for their orient Fruit, behold;
 " Here—to the fairest Form adjudge the Prize;
 " The brightest Present to the brightest Eyes;
 " In this, obey th' Almighty Mandate given—
 He said, and rising, slowly sail'd to Heaven.

AND now, my Strength restor'd, my Thoughts re-
 new'd,
 Distinctly each coelestial Fair I view'd;
 On each, my Eyes, alternately, were cast,
 And ev'ry Look was vanquish'd by the last.
 Alike, they all deserv'd my voring Voice,
 But one, and only one, must win my Choice;
 Now this I found, now that, now ev'ry Part,
 The momentary Tenant of my Heart.

On ev'ry Side persuasive Gifts assail'd,
To buy my Favour, where my Judgment fail'd.
Great *Juno* laid whole Empires at my Feet,
Minerva proffer'd deathless Wreaths of Wit;
While thus the sweet-enchanting Queen of Smiles,
(Securely laughing at their vainer Wiles.)

“ SHALL such unworthy Gifts thy Kindness move?
“ Thy tender Soul was surely tun'd to Love!
“ To me, my Swain, to me, thy Smiles incline,
“ And *Hellen*, fairest *Hellen* shall be thine;
“ My Wishes crown'd, enjoy her brighter Charms,
“ And reign a greater Monarch in her Arms.

So soft she spoke, so sweetly glanc'd her Eyes,
Transported, I resign'd the glitt'ring Prize;
Deceiv'd, the baffled Deities withdrew,
Back to her Skies the lovely Victress flew.

AND

AND now the Fates, to call my Glories forth,
 Disclos'd the long-hid Secret of my Birth ;
 With Joy receiv'd, in princely Pomp I shone,
 And Acclamations hail'd the Royal Son ;
 What Numbers flow'd, fair *Beauty's Judge* to see!
 And not a Lady languish'd but for me :
 Soft Nymphs, enamour'd at the passing Show,
 Yielding, confess'd the Flames I feel for *You* :
 Ev'n Princesses with rival Ardour strove,
 To warm my Bosom, and to win my Love ;
 For me they sicken'd, and for me they sigh'd,
 But for imagin'd *Hellen*, were deny'd :
 For *You* alone, my Soul conceiv'd Desire,
 Unknown, ador'd, and burn'd in fancy'd Fire ;
 Your dear *Idea* all my Bosom charm'd,
 Amaz'd me waking, and when slumb'ring warm'd ;
 No wonder then those Eyes so potent prove,
 Whose very Thoughts could melt my Mind to love.

Now,

Now, fir'd with Hopes, impatient of Delay,
And all in Transport for the happy Day,
With eager Haste, the neighb'ring Groves I fell'd,
To fit my Voyage, and my Fleet to build;
Quick to my Wish, the naval Streamers rise,
And swelling Streamers flutter in the Skies;
Gay painted Figures gild the Poops below,
And wanton in the Waters as they flow:
Here, *Venus* views each wave-reflected Grace,
And smiles her Parent-Ocean into Peace;
Young, flutt'ring *Cupids* round the Goddess play,
Court the cool Breeze, and quiver in the Sea.

AND now prepar'd to seek your happy Shore,
With ardent Prayers my Friends my Stay implore;
Condemn my Rashness, urge the stormy Main,
Foretel my Dangers, but foretel in vain:
My *Sister* too, prophetically bold,
Fore-warn'd my Fate, and thus my Fortune told.

“ O! whither does my Brother run? (she cry’d)
 “ Blind to those Flames, to which these Waters guide!
 “ Those fatal Flames! that with him shall return,
 “ And, spite of quenching Oceans *Iliou* burn!

How right her Prophecies your Eyes exprest?
 How right, divin’d the Flames that burn my Breast?

BUT while these fabling Fears in vain withstand,
 The favouring Winds convey me to your Land;
 When now fulfilling Heaven’s Decree, your Spouse
 Receiv’d me at your hospitable House;
 With free Reception, kindly entertain’d,
 And shew’d me all the Glories of the Land:
 But all with cold Indifference, I view,
 Blind was my Sight to ev’ry Thing, but You:
 But when your fair-fam’d Beauties struck my Eyes,
 Sure Heaven with Wonder witness’d my Surprise;
 What secret Transports trickled thro’ each Part,
 Beam’d on my Eyes, and trembled to my Heart!

From

From Vein to Vein, the dancing Message flew,
And all my panting Soul confess'd 'twas *You*.

So look'd the heart-enchanting Queen of Love,
When with the rival Goddesses she strove :
But had your self been there, those brighter Eyes,
From each contending Power, had gain'd the Prize.
Those radiant Eyes, the mighty Boast of Fame,
Each Land eclipse, and all the World inflame ;
What Nymph, but you, can boast so sweet a Face ?
How fair the Nymph, that claims the second Place !
Shines there on Earth a Form so heavenly fair,
But thine would suffer by the low Compare ?
Struck from Report, thy Beauties I receiv'd,
Amaz'd, admir'd, but doubtfully believ'd ;
Yet now I find Report but wrong'd your Frame,
So vast your Charms ! so weak the Voice of Fame !

WELL might that Face omniscient *Theseus* fire,
Well might it such a glorious Theft inspire ;

When

When those amazing Beauties shone expos'd,
And all the real Goddess stood disclos'd :
Ne'er was his boasted Wisdom better show'd
Than when he snatch'd you from the gazing Crowd ;
But such a Prize so calmly to restore,
Confess'd his Folly, as his Wit before.
Should *Paris* thus resign those sacred Charms,
Should *Paris* thus remit them from his Arms ;
Sooner should *Heaven* with Light'ning blast me dead!
And level triple Thunders at my Head!
If wrested from my Arms, the Joys were forc'd,
I'd make them mine, at least enjoy them first ;
Ravish so lasting Token of my Bliss,
And steal Eternities in every Kiss.
O! try my Courage! prove your faithful Swain,
And learn, that *Paris* never boasts in vain.
Not ev'n 'till Death, my Passion shall expire,
And then Love's Flames shall light my funeral Pyre.

WHEN

WHEN Beauty's doubtful Cause by me was try'd,
And the fair Rivals crown'd the fount-ful *Ide*,
For *Thee*, the Pomp of Empires I despis'd,
And thy dear Charms beyond all Empires priz'd ;
To those deep Wonders that from Wisdom rise,
Preferr'd the silent Eloquence of Eyes ;
Nor can I ever at my Choice repine,
So *Hellen*, promis'd *Hellen* be but mine!
Were she but mine, I'd make my Wish compleat,
And snatch ev'n Joys beyond the reach of Fate!

BUT, lest Alliances disgrace your Line,
Know, *Fair!* my Lineage is, like yours, Divine;
From *Dardanus*, our Ancestry I prove,
Begot! descended, and belov'd by *Jove*:
What need I farther long Successions trace?
Fam'd are the Founders of the *Trojan* Race!
Wide o'er the World, our large Domains extend,
And with the World alone, our Glories end:

But

But when your self shall prove our Grandeur true,
You'll own Fame false to us, as well as *You*.
How shall your Eyes our lofty Domes admire,
Built to the Strains of the *Phebean* Lyre!
How gaze with Wonder on sublime Abodes,
Fit to receive their tutelary Gods!
What Nymphs, what num'rous Beauties shalt thou see,
Nymphs! far superior to all Nymphs, but thee!
What heaping Crowds! what glitt'ring Tides surprize!
What Pomp, what Grandeur strike your ravish'd Eyes!
While you, confounded with Amazement, cry,
" How poor is all our *Greece* compar'd with *Troy*!
Not that your *Spartan* Cities I despise,
Blest be the Place that gave fair *Hellen* Rise!
Beauty, like yours, may well atone for Store,
Sparta, with *Hellen*, can desire no more:
Yet, brightest Nymph! those Charms were ne'er
 design'd
To brighten Shades, and be to Shades confin'd;

Beauty, like thine, was made to grace a Throne,
And lend new Lustre to a sparkling Crown ;
Beauty, like thine, superior to thy Fame,
Should glow in Splendor, speak a *Trojan* Dame !

NOR scorn to take a *Trojan* to thy Arms,
Who, like a *Trojan*, can deserve thy Charms ?
A *Trojan* graces the divine Abodes,
And fills the foamy *Nectar* to the Gods,
A *Trojan* charm'd the Queen of springing Light,
And warm'd the frozen Empress of the Night ;
A *Trojan*, Beauty's sacred Power compress'd,
And yielding *Venus* panted on his Breast :
O ! let me too my Country's Glory prove,
Charm, and enjoy a brighter Queen of Love !

NOR think that *Menelaus* can compare
With me in *Cupid's*, or the Camp of War ;
At least I should not fear the Point to try,
Or trust the Judgment to your conscious Eye :

But,

But were you mine, no Kindred could disgrace,
 No bloody *Atreus* stain your Royal Race ;
 No *Pelopean* Guilt, to blot your Name,
 Or cloud the rising Glories of your Fame :
 No Sire of mine, like *Tantalus*, is curst,
 Starv'd amidst Stores, and parch'd in Floods with
 Thirst.

Yet, whilst I talk, a Wretch confines you now,
 Sprung from that Race, perhaps as impious too ;
 A Wretch ! that, like his Grandfire, ne'er enjoys
 The tempting Fruit, or if he does, it cloy :
 Shame to the Genealogy of *Jove* !
 Flat are thy Sweets to him, and pall'd thy Love !
 Gods ! shall he, tasteless, riot on such Charms !
 The dull Incumbrance of thy longing Arms !
 Whilst I, all tender Passion, all Desire,
 Scarce gain a Look, and that too fans my Fire !

WHEN social Hours indulge the genial Feast,
 What Cares ! what Torments rend my tortur'd Breast !

That only Time my longing Eyes improve,
And starve my Appetite, to feed my Love ;
Fix'd on that magic Face, I grieve to see
Those Smiles bestow'd on him, deny'd to me ;
But when the Husband-Lover lolls to Rest
On the soft Effluence of that snowy Breast ;
With bleeding Heart, I mourn thy ruffled Charms,
And curse the Rudeness of his clumsy Arms ;
Tho' free, I banquet at a dear Expence,
And pay with Griefs the grand Benevolence :
With envious Eyes behold each melting Kiss,
Pant for the Joy, and languish for the Bliss ;
Asham'd, enrag'd, I sigh, I fret, I frown,
Gnaw my vex'd Lips, and glance obliquely down ;
But, when thy Eyes with Flames too kindly burn,
Melt as his Glance, and ev'ry Glance return ;
To cool the raging Fever of my Soul,
To drown my Cares, I drink the sparkling Bowl ;
But Wine still kindles up a new Desire,
Revives each Flame, re-animates each Fire !

How

How oft I turn aside my jealous Eyes ?
But Love returns them to some new surprize !
Still would I feast on that dear, charming Face,
For ever languish, and for ever gaze !
But can my injur'd Sight with Patience bear,
A heavy, fulsome, Husband-Lover there ?
In a sweet-tort'ring Look, at once remains,
Excess of Pleasures, and Excess of Pains !

O that my Conduct could disguise my Care,
But Love, that's naked, scorns all Dress to wear ;
The more suppress'd, the more my Passions rise,
Speak in my Looks, and sparkle in my Eyes :
Too plain the Secrets of my Soul they shew !
And O that they were known to only you !
For oft, with Reason too, I felt a Fear,
Oft as I breath'd a Sigh, or dropt a Tear,
Lest some officious Question should display
Your Husband's Care, and all my Love betray :

How oft, to hide my too apparent Flame,
Have I reveal'd it in a foreign Name ?
Bewail'd some poor unhappy Lover's Moan,
And, in their seeming Sorrows breath'd my own ;
On thy dear Face, I fix'd my dying Eyes,
Wept in his Tears, and languish'd in his Sighs ;
And if inflam'd too far, I snatch'd a Kiss,
Feign'd Drunkenness excus'd the ravish'd Bliss.
Once, I remember, as your flowing Vest
Disclos'd the naked Wonders of your Breast,
How meltingly the snowy Globes arose !
Fair, as the Fleeces of descending Snows !
Bright as the Down that cloath'd your Parent *Jove*,
When *Leda* panted with the Thund'rer's Love,
Like that their Tenderness, like that their Hue,
Soft as those silver Plumes, and heavenly too !
Gods ! how I stood, transported with Surprise !
How heav'd my Bosom, and how flam'd my Eyes !
Ravish'd, I drop'd the purple-foamy Bowl,
And all the melting God came rushing on my Soul !

BUT

BUT mark me, how industriously I strive
 To feed my Flame, and keep my Love alive !
 If your dear Lips salute the flowing Wine,
 Fix'd on the Place, I make the Nectar mine ;
 Ev'n from the Child, the Kiss you give, I take,
 And love the Daughter for her Mother's sake.
 Now soft-adapted Songs conspire to move ;
 For Music is the sweetest Voice of Love !
 Supinely laid, I languish out each Air,
 And tunelessly prefer my dying Prayer.
 Each Passage to that cruel Heart I've try'd,
 But *Cupid* ev'ry Avenue deny'd :
 Oft to your faithful Maids my Love I've told,
 And smoothen'd my Rhetoric with persuasive Gold ;
 But all I urg'd, alas ! I urg'd in vain,
 Deaf to my Prayers, they leave me to my Pain.

O could Heroic Acts my Fair obtain,
 This Hand, this Heart the noble Prize should gain !

Like *Atalanta's*, could thy Charms be won,
 I'd leave the swiftest, with the fleetest run ;
 Inspir'd by Love, pursue the flying Chace,
 And, lifted on his Pinions reach the Race,
 Could Strength prevail, like *Hercules*, these Arms
 Should win a brighter *Dejanira's* Charms !

BUT O thou dear ! un-utterably Fair !
 Since all my Hopes depend on Sighs and Prayer,
 By the sweet Splendour of those starry Eyes,
 Bright, as their Brother-Orbs that gild the Skies !
 By *Jove*, whose Throne such Beauties might adorn,
 Were not thy kindred Charms too nearly born ;
 Unless yourself will grace my glad Return,
 Here will I doom my fading Life to mourn !
 At thy dear Feet resign my panting Breath,
 Adore thee, love thee, bless thee ev'n in Death !
 O view my throbbing Breast, behold my Pain !
 Nor let my earnest Passion plead in vain !

Ah

Ah me ! that destin'd Flames consume my Heart,
 And those bright Eyes confess the heavenly Dart !
Cassandra kindly warn'd me of my Fate,
 But I believ'd her Prophecies too late !
 Yet, charming Nymph ! the Gods Commands fulfil,
 For Justice bids you cure, as well as kill.

MORE could I say, but rather hope to meet,
 And breathe my Soul in Transports at your Feet ;
 In some convenient Place, my Passion prove,
 And dedicate this happy Night to Love.
 Nor blush, my charming Fair ! nor idly dread
 To violate, or stain the Marriage-Bed ;
 Too innocently nice such Scruples are,
 To think that Woman can be chaste and fair :
 Some human Blemishes are no Disgrace,
 Like Patches, they adorn a beauteous Face :
 Let your own Mother's kind Example move,
 Nor dread a Vengeance from a guilty *Jove* ;

Sprung from the Transports of a like Embrace,
Shall lovely *Hellen* deviate from her Race?
Yet, when we reach the happy Shores of *Troy*,
Marriage shall crown our honourable Joy;
Till then, believe me, Fair, to slip this Time,
Would be the greater Sin, the greater Crime:
For this, the Gods with ev'ry Wish conspire,
For this, your Husband seconds our Desire;
By their Commands, officiously withdraws,
And absent, silently asserts our Cause:
By his Example, his own Acts pursue,
In leaving him, as he in leaving you:
What! could no other Time his Journey fit?
Indeed, 'tis very like a Husband's Wit!
Poor Soul! he cry'd "Be careful of our Guest,"
He said no more, and we may think the rest—
But you his very last Commands neglect,
A certain Token of a forc'd Respect;
To both alike a cold Indifference prove;
Both lost alike to Duty and to Love!

But

But could a longing Lover leave you so?
 Thus easily such tasted Joys forego!
 No! dull Fruition all his Taste destroys,
 Nor knows he half the Jewel he enjoys;
 Else, could he ne'er desert those tempting Charms,
 At least, resign them to a Rival's Arms!
 O! let my Love awake his sated Eyes,
 And teach them each dear Beauty how to prize!
 Cold, lonesome, in a widow'd Bed you lie,
 And, languishing in Solitude, I sigh;
 What Fear, what barring Obstacle remains,
 But you may wreak your Wrongs, and ease my Pains?
 Transporting Thought! to riot in those Charms,
 To clasp those balmy Beauties in my Arms!
 Imparadis'd in those soft Folds I'll lie,
 Look such dear things, such sweet Persuasions sigh;
 With such prevailing Elocution burn,
 To sooth you with your *Paris* to return;
 That sure, if Love has Power, you'll feel my Fire,
 And in dissolving Murmurs breathe Desire!

To

To vindicate your Honour, and your Fame;
On me be all the Rape, on me the Blame;
Let *Theseus* and your Brother's Actions plead,
Leaders like these will dignify the Deed;
They stole *Leucippa's* Daughters, *Theseus* You;
And can't his Licence be my Licence too?
Already mann'd, my Fleet attends your stay,
And the Winds murmur at your long Delay;
Inviting Gales, impatient, court the Joy,
To waft us to the sacred Shores of *Troy*:
How shall those Charms our gazing Crouds amaze!
How speak a Goddess! how confess a Grace!
What shining Pomp shall gild the passing Show!
What heaping Numbers without Number flow!
What Gifts, what Honours shall all *Troy* decree!
Gifts, worthy *Priam's* Court, and worthy thee!
Where'er you turn, what Altars shall arise!
What aromatic Incense cloud the Skies!
Such Glories wait—with greatness un-express'd,
For Praise were there Detraction at the best.

NOR think that *Greece* shall follow with Alarms,
Did e'er a Rape excite a Nation's Arms?
When *Thracia* stole the bright *Athenian* Dame,
Did *Thracia* suffer for the guilty Flame?
Did *Colchos* with resenting Vengeance rise,
To snatch from *Jason's* Arms his beauteous Prize?
Safe from the Terrors of invasive War,
Theseus enjoy'd at Peace his *Cretan* Fair,
When *Theseus* snatch'd thy brighter Beauties too,
What Vengeance did the Ravisher pursue?
Then, trust me, Nymph, 'tis all an empty Fear;
Or we may think of Danger, when 'tis near.
But should all *Grecia's* hostile Troops engage,
Know, we have Forces to repel their Rage;
Like *Grecia*, we have Armies at Command,
As brave our Heroes, and as wide our Land.
But if your Husband should *Attrides* dare;
My self will meet his Shock, and stand his War:
Tho' young, yet bold in martial Toils of Fame,
My early Valour dignify'd my Name;

When

When fir'd with gen'rous Rage I boldly rose,
Rescu'd my fleecy Flocks, and slew my Foes :
Deiphobus, *Illioneus* can tell
How far my Courage and my Strength excel ;
Nor does this Arm alone the Javelin throw,
But launch the Spear, and arch the moony Bow ;
With equal Judgment, and with equal Force,
Direct the feather'd Fate and urge its Course :
Can *Menelaus* boast Atchievements so ?
Or, boasting, can he prove his Actions true ?
But should (what I ne'er think) his Arm prevail,
Should Heaven conspire to make your *Paris* fail ;
Great *Hector* could retrieve that Glory lost,
Hector, our Bulwark ! in himself an Host !
O ! did you know to what deserving Arms,
The bounteous Gods ordain those heavenly Charms !
May, then this certain Oath my Passion prove,
Confirm your Courage, and inflame your Love ;
That hostile *Greece* shall never cross the Main,
Or, baffled by this Arm, return again :

Fir'd

Fir'd by those Eyes, I'd singly meet a War,
Confront each Fury, and each Danger dare!
While future Fame should glory in your Charms,
And boast how *Hellen* set the World in Arms!
But haste, my Fair! the Gales their Aid employ,
And Fate has fix'd your Happiness in *Troy*.





Penelope to Ulysses.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hellen's RAPE *having drawn all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of Troy ; among the rest, Ulysses on this Occasion distinguished himself in a very remarkable manner. But he not returning to Penelope, after the Siege was over, she remands him by this Epistle, having behaved as well at home, by her Chastity, as he had done at Troy by his Valour. She recites the various Addresses of her Suitors, and pathetically bewails his Stay ; acquainting him at the same time with the misconduct of his Family-Affairs, thro' his Absence, and earnestly presses his speedy return, in order to their Regulation.*

THESE Lines, my Lord, your cruel Absence
mourn ;

O ! let your Answer be your quick Return :

Sure

Sure *Troy*, the fatal Fountain of our Woe!
Has felt her finish'd Ruin long ago!
But not all *Troy* restor'd could e'er repay
The Griefs I suffer by your long Delay.

HAD *Paris*, when he fought the *Spartan* Dame,
Sunk in the Seas, and quench'd his lawless Flame!
Those sad Anxieties I ne'er had known,
Nor sigh'd out solitary Nights alone!
With widow'd Hands engag'd the daily Toil,
Nor slumb'ring sought my Sorrows to beguile!
But slumb'ring, still alas, in vain I strove;
Clos'd were my Eyes by Sleep, but ope'd by Love!
In Dreams, at visionary Scenes I swoon'd,
Shrunk at each Stroke, and felt each fancy'd Wound;
Beheld my daring Lord in loud Alarms,
And Fate and *Hector* rushing on his Arms!
Shock'd at the Sight, and shiv'ring with cold Fear,
Confus'd I wak'd, and breath'd a pious Prayer.

WHEN

WHEN some Report, descriptive of the Fight,
Reviv'd the recent Horrors of the Night ;
Wak'd at each Tale my boding Dreams return'd,
And all my Fears as real Ills I mourn'd.
Griev'd, I deplor'd *Patroclus*, wife too late !
His borrow'd Glory, his lamented Fate !
With Tears I heard *Tlepolemus*, o'erthrown,
And made the Warrior's Miseries my own.
But if some *Grecian* Brave-Unknown were kill'd,
Ulysses thro' my trembling Pulses thrill'd ;
My pallid Looks confess'd the widow'd-Wife,
And my Soul panted for my Hero's Life !

BUT blest be ev'ry Love-indulgent Power ?
For now those Fears, with *Ilium* are no more :
Rich in her Spoils, our conqu'ring Chiefs return,
And to our Gods their grateful Off'rings burn :
With joyful Pride relate the *Trojan* War,
And dwell on ev'ry honourable Scar.

On

On her lov'd Lord each longing Lady lies,
Views the dear Man, and at his Glory sighs ;
With sweetly-smiling Looks delights to trace
The dawning Features of the former Face :
Immortal Acts the list'ning Crouds engage,
Boastings for Youth! and future Tales for Age!

WHILE some, less eloquent, their Toils design,
Figure each Fight, and miniature each Scene :
In purple Wines each purple River pours,
And, dy'd with mimic Blood, *Scamander* roars :
Here fam'd *Sigeum's* tow'ry Tops arise,
There *Priam's* cloudy Turrets pierce the Skies ;
Here, stretch'd around, the tented Shores display,
Where great *Ulysses* and *Achilles* lay :
Here, thund'ring *Hector* bursts the *Grecian* Walls,
There storms in Triumph, there, a Triumph falls.

FROM *Nestor's* Lips your Son im^bib'd your Fame,
And all your Glory all his Soul inflame ;

Pleas'd, he relates that memorable Night,
And dwells on ev'ry Horror with Delight :
But could my Hero so forgetful prove,
So quick to Dangers ! and so deaf to Love !
When thro' the Gloom you fought the hostile Host,
And all the Lover in the Hero lost ;
With only one Companion of your Toils,
What Tents destroy'd ! how made those Tents your
Spoils !

As from their Stalls the *Thracian* Steeds you drew,
How might some swift-revenging Hand pursue !
Rescue the proud triumphant Prize you fought,
And snatch your Life, that richer Prize you brought !
Could then your Heaps of Spoils, your Hills of Slain,
Sooth my sad Soul, or mitigate my Pain !
But yet, tho' safe from all those fierce Alarms,
You live not, if you live not in these Arms !

AH what av'ril the Deeds Reports declare,
Unless you reap the mighty Honours here !

While

While others bless their happy Hopes compleat,
 Their Joys deriving from *Troy's* finish'd Fate ;
 Widow'd, I seek in vain for kind Relief,
 And *Troy*, my former Terror, is my Grief !
 Her ruin'd Streets enrich'd with human Gore,
 Now teem with Corn, that teem'd with Men before :
 Her once-rich Domes with richer Harvests flow,
 But yield, as still, to me the Fruit of Woe !

FROM ev'ry Stranger that invades our Coast,
 With Tears I ask my wand'ring Lover lost;
 To his kind Care my Letter'd-Griefs commit,
 And pray that pitying Heaven may make ye meet.
 At *Pylos* I my doubtful Chief explor'd ;
 But *Pylos* told no Tidings of my Lord :
 To *Sparta's* Realms my speedy Message went,
 But *Sparta's* Realms uncertain Answers sent.

O ! still had *Troy* maintain'd her bright Abodes,
 Nor felt the Fury of her hostile Gods ;

Exempt from this Variety of Care,
I'ad known no Dangers, but the Chance of War;
But now what sad Anxieties inclose !
What real, what imaginary Woes !
What Horrors my distemper'd Fancy fill !
What Fears I frame ! how ev'ry Fear I feel !
From Rocks, from raging Seas what Scenes I feign !
Wild as the Rocks, and boundless as the Main :
Oft fear, averse to these domestic Charms,
You lull your Honour in some Stranger's Arms ;
To please her Pride describe your homely Wife,
And bant'ring ridicule a virtuous Life !
But soon my Love dispels those Fears away ;
And on the Gods I charge your long Delay.

My urgent Sire, lest Sorrows should consume
The youthful Beauties of my vernal Bloom,
With Pray'rs engag'd my Heart again to wed,
And taste the Pleasures of a second Bed ;

But

But not my Sire could move my Soul's Decree,
Still was I thine, and thine will ever be !
Now conscious of my pure, unspotted Flame,
Himself he censures, and applauds my Name.

YET where e'en Duty, and his Will could fail,
Audacious Lovers labour to prevail :
Their Suit the *Samians*, the *Dulichians* move,
With all the flatt'ring Fopperies of Love ;
In noisy Crouds intrude, unbidden Guests !
Carouse our Banquets, riot on our Feasts.
In wanton Luxuries our Stores decay,
And all, but Love, becomes an easy Prey !
Pisander, *Polybus*, and *Medon* too,
With num'rous others, join the lawless Crew :
Why should I each detested Name repeat ?
Spunge to our Wealth ! and Canker to our State !
Rude by Reproof, and insolently bold,
Unaw'd they revel, triumph if controul'd.

Alas! what Force of ours can end the Strife?
A feeble Father, and a widow'd Wife!
Your tender Son, unbred to fierce Alarms,
Implores his Sire to lead his Soul to Arms.
As lost, of late, the duteous Youth I mourn'd;
Bent on your Search, to find his Hopes return'd.
But may kind Heaven its choicest Blessings shed,
From Harms protect his dear devoted Head;
His Fame for-ever guard, for-ever raise,
To crown the peaceful Ev'ning of our Days!

BUT who shall now our injur'd Right maintain,
Controul Offenders, and assert our Reign?
Decay'd, your Father scarcely dares command;
Tho' wise his Counsels, wither'd is his Hand!
What can my helpless, tender Nature shew?
A Woman only, and a soft one too!
Unhappy We! whose Weakness is our Power!
I'll weep! I'll sigh! but I can do no more—

Let

Let Sighs, and Tears your quick Return engage,
To guide your Son, and guard your Father's Age,
From Life's last Verge conduct him gently down,
And teach the Youth to soar to high Renown !
Then haste ! lest as I weep for your Return,
Too late, like me, my fading Charms you mourn.





Ariadne to Theseus.

The ARGUMENT.

The Athenians having basely killed Androgeos the Son of Minus King of Crete; that Prince, by a severe War, compelled them to send annually seven Batchelors and as many Virgins to be devoured by the Minotaure. This was a Monster engendered by a Bull upon Pasiphae, the Wife of Minus, while he was engaged in the Athenian Wars. Among others, the Lot fell upon Theseus to be one of these destined Youths, but he encountered and killed the Monster, and afterwards by the direction of Ariadne made his escape out of the Labyrinth, and fled with her, to the Isle of Naxos. Afterwards, upon a Summons from Bacchus, he left her one Morning when asleep: she finding her self thus deserted, sends him this Epistle.

FROM that inhuman Shore these Lines receive,
 Where late you left a tender Nymph to grieve;
 Tho' there expos'd to savage Beasts of Prey,
 She lives to call thee savager than they:

Their

Their Cruelties no more than Nature prove;
But *Theseus* hid his Cruelties in Love,
When Sleep, and his endearing Arms betray'd
A drowzy, easy, miserable Maid!

SCARCE had the tuneful Birds awak'd the Day,
And the Dew glitter'd at each dawning Ray;
When melting in soft Dreams, my Arms I threw,
To clasp my Joys, and circle them in you;
But as I stretching turn'd me to your Place,
An empty Grasp receiv'd my warm Embrace;
Turning, again I reach'd, I search'd again;
I lookt, I felt; but lookt, or felt in vain:
Wak'd in a Fright, I started from the Bed,
And as I fear'd, I found my Swain was fled.
At this I beat my Breast, I tore my Hair,
And stood a-while the Image of Despair.

LED by the Lustre of the waning Moon,
From Place to Place distractedly I run;

By

By her pale Rays, not half so pale as I,
Dimly the solitary Land espy ;
With widow'd Eyes survey the mournful View,
But all, like me, seem'd destitute of you :
Theseus ! along the concave Shores I cry'd ;
Theseus ! the repercussive Shores reply'd :
The Shores, tho' deaf to Storms, more kind than
 you,
Heard ev'ry Call, and echoing call'd you too.

RAIS'D on the Margin of the thirsty Sands,
A rough, a barren Promontory stands ;
Advent'rous by Despair, the Top I climb,
For Passion gave a Pinion to each Limb :
Thence, the wide Seas, and subject Floods survey,
And o'er the blue Expansion roll my Eye ;
When strait I saw thy distant Streamers blow,
Float on the Breeze, and o'er the Billows flow.
Amaz'd, at first I doubted my Surprise,
And Reason held a Conflict with my Eyes :

But soon (too soon!) I found the Terror true,
 Nor did my wond'ring Eyes deceive, but you!
 Then, in what Agony of Thought I stood!
 How chill'd my Bosom! and how freez'd my Blood!
 'Till o'er my speechless Rage, my Grief prevail'd,
 Unloos'd my frigid Tongue, and loud I call'd!
 O *Theseus*! *Theseus*! whither do you fly?
 Return——'tis *Ariadne* calls! I die——
 At ev'ry Call I beat my panting Breast,
 And where my Accents fail'd, my Rage express'd:
 From my cold Limbs my parting Vest I tore;
 And high in Air the waving Signal bore.
 In vain! my Breath but made you faster fly,
 Nor would you see the Sign, nor hear the Cry.

BUT when my Sight no farther could pursue,
 And intervening Oceans dimm'd my View:
 'Till then restrain'd, my Tears in Torrents flow'd,
 Stream'd down my Eyes, and all the Woman show'd:

My

My Eyes! their only Office, let them weep;
And mourn the *Theseus*, that they could not keep.

Now like some frantic Bacchanal I fly,
Now bath'd in Grief, on some bleak Mountain lie,
From thence the solitary Seas explore,
See the Waves rise, and hear the Billows roar;
Cold as the Flinty-Rock, there sit alone,
And seem a Piece just growing from the Stone.

Oft to the conscious Grotto I return,
Sigh o'er my Grief, and o'er thy Absence mourn:
There, as some Transport to my Soul appears,
Kindles my Breast, and melts my Heart in Tears;
Falling I press thy dear, deserted Place,
And breathe my Sorrows on the briny Grass;
To the sad Shades in plaintive Accents cry,
O cruel! could you let my *Theseus* fly?
I brought my *Theseus* hither true, and kind,
Sure 'tis your baneful Influence chang'd his Mind!

Ye

Ye Shades, ye Shades, my gentle Swain restore,
True, as at first; and tender, as before.

WHAT shall I do! or whither can I fly?
What Succour, what Inhabitant is nigh?
No human Race possess the savage Isle,
No rising Harvests on the Peasants smile;
No Trade the barren Wilderness supplies,
Girt with rough Seas, and bound with barren Skies.

BUT should some favourable Ship appear,
Moor on these Shores, and wait my Passage here,
To what far unknown Region should I roam?
Where seek a Shelter? and where find a Home?
No *Cretan* Cities will Protection give,
Nor can my Friends, my injur'd Friends! forgive.
To you, false Man, my Father I betray'd;
And Heaven has justly now the Crime repaid!
To gain your Love, your wand'ring Steps I sped,
And thro' the Labyrinth too kindly led;

But when I first the active Present bore,
What Words! what Vows! what Promises you
swore!

By this dear Gift, you cry'd, this magic Clue,
Which thus for ever binds my Heart to you!
To your last Breath my faithful Love I swear,
Firm be my Oath, as *Ariadne's* dear.
False Man, I live, (if one like me can live)
To see your Love, your Promises, deceive!
O! had you me with my poor Brother slain,
Then had your Vows been void, and void my Pain.

BUT, whilst I these experienc'd Griefs relate,
Blind to my future Griefs, reserv'd by Fate;
What fictitious Horrors all my Thoughts controul,
Rise on my Sight, and sink upon my Soul!
In ev'ry Breeze some ranging Beast I hear,
And start at Phantoms conjur'd by my fear:
Imagine Lions in the Oceans roar,
And fabled Monsters rising from the Shore:

See

See murd'ring Ruffians' bloody Daggers rise,
Gild the green Gloom, and glimmer in my Eyes;
Faint, scarce I move, pant with thick-beating Breath,
And my Soul suffers with ideal Death:
Fearful some servile Slavery to prove,
Below my Lineage, and below thy Love.

WHERE-E'ER I turn my Sight, where-e'er I go,
Fresh Scenes of Horror multiply my Woe ;
As o'er the desert Rocks my Eyes I roll,
There view the gloomy Image of my Soul :
On the wide Seas with black'ning Tempests fill'd,
Survey my troubled Breast with Sorrows swell'd.
Nor in my deepest Anguish scarcely dare
Breathe a sad Sigh to Heaven, or steal a Prayer ;
For would the list'ning Gods relieve my Pain,
Those Gods that ev'n have chang'd my faithless
Swain!

Those cruel Gods that leave me thus a Prey
To savage Beasts, or Man more fierce than they !

O that my Brother's Blood had ne'er been spilt,
 Nor *Athens* paid so dearly for the Guilt !
 O that by thee the Monster ne'er had dy'd !
 Nor this fond Hand the ductive Clue supply'd !
 Thro' the blind Maze I taught thy Steps to rove,
 But lost myself in Labyrinths of Love !
 Nor do I wonder that you conquer'd so,
 Yourself the greater Monster of the two !
 Steel'd with that Savageness you dar'd the War,
 And fac'd a Danger that you could not fear :
 Well might that Breast the horned Combate try,
 Whose Powers the sharper Darts of Love defy.

YE treach'rous Slumbers, that deceiv'd my Joys,
 O close again, for ever ! close these Eyes :
 Robb'd of my Bliss, in vain you bring Relief,
 Unless, as you begun, you end my Grief.

YE faithless Gales, that bore my Love away,
 No more in sportive *Zephirs* idly play ;

But

But charg'd with Griefs in deeper Murmurs blow,
Sigh out my Sighs, and whisper out my Woe,

AND thou, false *Theseus*, listless of my Cries,
Could not a Brother's Death thy Rage suffice!
By different Means you act an equal Wrong,
He felt your Sword, and I that flatt'ring Tongue;
That Tongue that first my easy Heart betray'd,
Till Sleep, and rising Gales conspir'd their Aid;
Conspir'd, like silly me, a Swain to please,
Like that, too soothing, faithless too like these!

MUST then alas! these widow'd Eyes no more
Survey the Confines of my Native Shore!
But daily fading in a foreign Land
Expire, without a Parent's closing Hand!
Shall no dear heart-dissolving Friend be near,
To sooth my Sorrows with a tender Tear!
Shall no religious Rites be kindly paid!
No Comfort dying! and no Guard when dead!

But must my Body un-inhum'd decay,
Alike, when living, and when dead, a Prey!

WHILE You at *Athens* seek a glorious name!
To reap the mighty Harvest of your Fame;
Describe the *Monster-Man*, the Conquest blaze;
And traverse o'er again the *winding-Maze*:
How great 'twill sound, to name a *certain Maid*,
That crown'd your Arms deserted! and betray'd!

BUT cruel as the Rocks that brought thee forth,
(For I can ne'er believe thy boasted Birth)
Would some kind Power my *Spectre-Figure* show,
'Twould touch thy Soul with sympathetic Woe!
But since the distance such a Sight denies,
O see my Sorrows by Idea rise.
Think then, you see a Mountain's batter'd Brow,
Beat by rough Winds, and stunn'd by Floods below;
On some deep-bellying Crag behold me there,
My Locks dishevel'd, and my Bosom bare.

Behold

Behold me on the clammy Stone reclin'd,
 Like rainy Harvests bending with the Wind;
 While o'er the dewy Sheets I breathe my Pain,
 Drench'd in my Tears, and spatter'd by the Main.
 " *Theseus* relent, and if at your Return,
 " You find me dead— O *Theseus* close my Urn.





Dido to Æneas.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, at the Destruction of Troy, having saved his Household-Gods, his Father, and his Son Ascanius from the Flames; set Sail with twenty Vessels, and was at length shipwrecked on the Lybian Shore. Where Dido, secreting herself from her Brother Pygmalion's Cruelty (who had murdered Sichæus her Husband) built the City of Carthage. Æneas and his Fleet were very hospitably Entertained, and the Queen fell passionately in Love with him, and compleated her Wishes by Enjoyment. But Æneas in a Dream being admonished by Mercury to go in quest of the Kingdom of Italy, long before promised him by the Gods, he readily prepares for the Expedition. Dido soon alarmed thereat

2

tries

tries all Arts to dissuade him from his intended Enterprize, which proving fruitless, she at last, in Despair, sends him this Epistle.

THUS some expiring Swan bewails her Woe,
While with the Streams her Strains in Anguish
flow :

Nor think I these, that Heart so hard, can move,
Shall Sorrow stronger than my Passion prove!
When Love, when Honour, and when Int'rest fail,
Can a weak Woman's soft Complaints prevail:
These all were yours, but are not worth your Care,
Alas you leave the Giver to despair;
With ardent Wishes court the rising Gales,
False as your Oaths, and flatt'ring as your Tales;
While now the Ships their swelling Wings display,
To bear your Vows, with all my Hopes away!
Led by delusive Thoughts of Fame to come,
Perhaps the Fates but tempt you out to roam;

But if a future Empire fire your Mind,
 Think of this Empire which you leave behind.
 To crown that Wish the proffer'd Gift receive,
 With all a Lover and a Queen can give.
 Suppose you reach this foreign unknown Shore,
 Safe from the dang'rous Ocean's stormy Roar,
 What Friend, what Subject shall your way prepare,
 Or who commit on trust the regal Care?
 What Stratagems, what Methods will you prove?
 All are not easy Nymphs betray'd by Love!
 Nor will your Cities on a sudden rise
 To vie with *Carthage*, and invade the Skies:
 But can propitious Fortune e'er bestow
 A Nymph like *Dido*, kind, like *Dido*, true?
 That you, like wretched *Dido*, may undo!

ALAS my tender Heart! I burn, I burn!
 Like Tapers dying o'er some holy Urn.
Aeneas all my tortur'd Breast employs,
 Streams in my Tears, and sparkles in my Joys:

For ever in my Sight his Image seems,
 Charms when awake, and melts me in my Dreams.
 Yet whilst the lovely Tyrant mocks my Pain,
 How often do I curse the cold Disdain?
 But soon, for still his pleading Eyes are by,
 Revoke the Curse, and give my Tongue the Lye:

O *Venus*! kindly sooth a bleeding Heart,
 O *Cupid*! pierce him with an equal Dart.
 Thy Shafts the very Deities controul,
 Shall they then fail to reach a Mortal's Soul!
 O teach me how this Passion to resign,
 Or touch his Bosom with a Flame like mine.

FALSE-hearted Man, no more thy Fates deceive,
 Which breathing Vows enforc'd me to believe;
 No tender Goddess could thy Parent prove!
 At least the Goddess, and the Queen of Love:
 'Twas Pride that forg'd the vain delusive Lye,
 For thou hast nought of Love but Perjury.

From savage Rocks, or treach'rous Seas you sprung,
Where *Sirens* tun'd that false bewitching Tongue:
From that inhuman Stock your Nature drew
Hardness, Inconstancy, and Coldness too.

BUT whither, cruel Wand'rer, would you run?
What Dangers tempt, my injur'd Sight to shun?
Tho' deaf as Rocks the raging Sea deforms,
Tho' fickle as the Winds that drive the Storms;
Think on your perjur'd Faith, and O refrain!
Nor tempt the Dangers of the stormy Main.
Behold the swelling Waves obstruct your way,
Kindly they form Excuses for Delay;
Shall the rough Winds, and Billows prove more
true,
More soft, more tender, and more kind than you?
If thus to wrong my Love you tempt your Fate,
Disdain you'll purchase at too dear a rate!
But if you'd rather wander o'er the Deep,
Than in these longing Arms be lull'd asleep;

May

May Heaven indulgent yet a while reserve,
The fatal Vengeance you so well deserve.

NOR into Perils thus so rashly fly,
But wait the Promise of a kinder Sky;
Strait shall the Winds be chang'd, the Storms blown
o'er,
And gentler Breezes court thee from the Shore:
While, if my Wishes, and my Hopes are true,
Some God may work an equal Change in you.

BUT would you thus a fresh Experience gain,
Thus by repeated hazard prove the Main;
O think what latent Dangers fill the Deep,
Tho' Winds lie hush'd, tho' Billows lull'd asleep;
The treach'rous Waves some Vengeance may conceive,
May, like that false deluding Face, deceive.
And should some low'ring Storm involve the Skies,
What violated Power would hear your Cries?

Would

Would *Venus*, tho' your Parent, guard her Foes,
Her Power controuls the Seas from whence it rose.

Nor that I wish this fatal Judgment near!
I only caution, what I kindly fear;
Tho' led by thee, abandon'd, and betray'd,
Methinks I could not see thee thus repaid:
O rather live, to save that perjur'd Breath,
Be false, be cruel, triumph in my Death,

BUT think you hear the angry Billows roll,
(Good Heaven avert the Omen of my Soul)
Think then what Scenes of Horror will ensue,
Rise in your Mind, and open to your View:
When *Dido*, whom, you'll pity then too late!
Shall rise the bloody Witness of her Fate;
Repeat those tender Perjuries you said,
And point for Vengeance on the Wounds you made.
Confounded by Despair, with Guilt oppress'd,
You'll feel a fiercer Tempest in your Breast:

In

In the sad Anguish of Affliction call,
" 'Tis just ye Gods, my Crimes deserve it all,
Each Moment some impending Judgment dread,
And think the Thunder levell'd at your Head,

IF Dangers and Persuasions fail to move,
Let your own Care a stronger Motive prove;
I'll not receive the Kindness, as my Boon,
I'll call it tender Pity to a Son:
Think on his blooming Years, nor trust his Life,
'Tis Crime enough to wrong an injur'd Wife.
Think then upon those Deities you bear,
Nor late their dread Divinity revere;
You, that redeem'd them from the Flames of *Troy*,
Shall you by a worse Fate their Powers destroy!
But neither Gods, nor Mortals you regard,
No Pity ever touch'd a Heart so hard;
Those Shoulders ne'er reliev'd a Sire oppress'd,
Rather thy Crimes sat heavy on his Breast.

False

False as thy self, 'tis all an empty Cheat;
Nor have I first experienc'd thy Deceit.
Like me, *Creüsa* thy fond Tales believ'd,
Like me deserted, and likè me deceiv'd!
How have I made her Miseries my own,
Which now alas too fatally are one!
For this with Vengeance arm'd the Gods pursue,
To give your perjur'd Villainies their due;
For this, for seven long Years they made you roam
A vagrant Wretch, unworthy of a Home.

DRIV'N on my Coast, you su'd a suppliant Guest,
Undone by Fortune, and by Storms oppress'd;
Mov'd by your Wants, I melted at your Grief,
And sooth'd your pleading Sorrows with Relief.
I gave alas!— what gave I not to you?
My Crown, my Kingdom, and my Honour too!
And is it thus my Kindness you reward!
And is it thus my Pity you regard!

Unge-

Ungen'rous! can you so forgetful prove,
So lost alike to Gratitude and Love!

BUT curst for ever be the fatal Day,
When in the conscious, shelt'ring Shade we lay:
Alas how dear did that Protection cost!
For that my Honour, and my Fame I lost!
With what presaging Howls the Furies yell'd?
What Ululations all the Vallies fill'd?
E'en Nature labour'd to divert my Fate;
But I the doubtful Signals learn'd too late!

TORMENTING Anguish! self-accusing Thought!
What have I done! O whither am I brought!
Reflecting, from my self in vain I fly;
Asham'd to live, and yet afraid to die!
Can my dear Lord this spotted Soul receive?
Or will his injur'd Ghost my Guilt forgive?

LAST

LAST Night his Statue in the gloomy Grove,
A pious Token of my chaster Love ;
With Chaplets, and with verdant Foliage dress'd,
To me these deep prophetick Words express'd ;
“ Come *Dido*,— thrice the hollow Echo spoke,
Trembling I heard it thrice, and thrice I shook.
I come dear injur'd Shade— but sadly slow,
Loaded with Shame, and overcharg'd with Woe.
O can you pardon me! indeed his Charms
Would melt the coldest Virtue in his Arms;
His heavenly Birth, and his more heavenly Eyes,
So strongly, so unwarily surprize!
Such Looks, such Words would make all Hearts believe
It was not in his Nature to deceive:
But if his dear enchanting Wiles you knew,
My Wrongs you'd wave, and wish the Charmer true.
And were he such, I'd glory in my Shame,
Excess like that would justify my Flame!

Too truly I my rigid Fortune know,
Destin'd to Sorrow, and inur'd to Woe!
Slain at the Shrine my much lamented Lord,
Fell a sad Victim to my Brother's Sword:
Oppress'd, the Blood-polluted Land I left,
By Foes pursu'd, and of my Friends bereft.
Here fled, here built this City which you see,
And dearly purchas'd what I give to thee;
With those wide Lands that stretch along the Shore,
Far as the misty Prospect can explore.
With grudging Hearts my Neighbours saw me rise,
And view'd my Glories with malignant Eyes.
Lur'd by my Wealth, pretending Courtiers came,
And hid the Traytor in the Suiter's Name:
Who soon when you are gone, by force may storm,
And show th' Usurper in his proper Form;
While I defenceless, seek in vain a Friend,
My Self to succour, and my Right defend.
But first O bind these Arms, your Bonds will prove,
More easy and more gentle than your Love:

To my curst Brother's Sword my Life consign,
A Victim to my murder'd Husband's Shrine.
Far off the Object of your Hate convey,
To scorn'd *Hyarbas* send the Captive Prey:
Then go to foreign Lands, your Deeds relate,
And nobly triumph in a Woman's Fate;
But wisely first from Sacrilege refrain,
Nor with polluting Hands your Gods profane;
Your Gods from ev'ry Touch may suffer more,
Than e'er they fear'd from *Trojan* Flames before.

BUT you perhaps have left me e'er you go,
Some miserable Legacy of Woe;
Time soon may see the Token of our Flame,
Blush into Life, and kindle into Shame;
Then sure my Death must melt that savage Heart,
'At least you'll suffer for your tender Part.

BUT with a Credit to deceive, you say,
A God excites, and blames your long Delay:

O had that cruel Deity before
Preserv'd your Fortunes, and preserv'd my Shore!
Does then this tutelary Power again
Direct your Voyage thro' the pathless Main?
What Scenes of Sorrows next compleat your Woes?
What unattempted Dangers must oppose!
Dangers, which *Troy*, restor'd to all her State,
Could never purchase at an equal Rate:
Yet you imaginary Lands pursue,
And with chimeric Kingdoms feast your View:
In unknown *Latium* Empires are design'd,
And *Tiber's* Streams run ever in your Mind.
But 'tis Variety you long to prove;
Fickle alike in Fortune, and in Love.

CAN Crowns or Scepters Satisfaction give;
This Crown a Token of my Flame receive:
My subject Kingdom at your Feet I'll lay,
With all Obedience which a Queen can pay:

To *Lybian* Lands consign your spreading Fame,
And raise new *Ilium* by a happier Name.
But if you scorn the gentle Arts of Peace,
And in mere quest of Dangers search the Seas ;
Bestow that Courage on my Country's Foes,
For fierce Invaders every Side inclose.
Here let *Ascanius* with your Arms controul,
Live o'er his Sire, and copy all his Soul ;
Encreasing Fame diffuse to foreign Shores,
And shade with conqu'ring Wreaths our softer Hours.

BUT, by those kindred Deities you boast,
By those you rev'rence, those you honour most :
By all that ever could your Wishes move,
Command your Pity, or reward your Love ;
So may your Son adorn your Age with Joy,
And all the Father crown the blooming Boy ;
So may your Parents Ashes rest in Ease,
So may your Soul with his be blest with Peace.

O hear! O listen to my dying Prayer,
Nor plunge a wretched Abject in Despair!
What have I done, that thus you leave me so,
In what have I declar'd my self your Foe?
Did I, or mine, our hostile Arms employ,
And with the *Grecians* urge the Fate of *Troy*?
No! no! from Love, not Hatred flows my Ill,
And what afflicts me, I must love you still!

PERHAPS the Thoughts of stale domestic Charms,
Bar from my Breast that Heaven in your Arms:
If so, all specious Titles I'll resign,
Be what you will! so I may make you mine.
Grant but your Love, I beg no nuptial Tie,
For Love is Life, is Honour, all to Me!

YET if this dear Petition be too great,
One momentary Favour I intreat:
While thus descending Tempests toss the Sea,
And swelling Billows stop the watry Way;

With Patience wait, and prudently prepare
Your Crew to strengthen, and your Ships repair.
Nor on a sudden leave my Soul accurst,
But softly sooth it into Patience first;
Administer some gentle, kind Relief,
And teach me by degrees to bear my Grief.
Then, if your Resolutions must prevail,
And all my Tears, and all my Prayers must fail;
Soon shall the Storms in whisp'ring Gales expire,
And the calm Ocean with your Wish conspire.

BUT if inexorable you remain
Deaf to my Grievs, and careless of my Pain;
Think that you ne'er shall triumph long, for know,
This Hand can put a Period to my Woe.
This Sword, your fatal Gift, the Task can do;
Sure it can kill, because it came from you:
Close in my Lap the thirsty Weapon lies,
Bath'd with the briny Torrents of my Eyes:

Which, if I fail, my Passion to redeem,
Shall turn the cryſtal to a crimſon Stream.
From my torn Breſt the rooted Pain remove,
And there conclude the Wound began by Love.

AND thou, dear *Anna*! conſcious of my Woe,
This laſt kind Office to a Siſter ſhow :
With pious Care my breathleſs Bones inhume,
Shed ſome ſoft Sorrow, and erect a Tomb.
Nor there *Sichæus*, as my Conſort, name,
Alas that Title will diſgrace his Fame!
But let the partial Monument relate,
This ſad, this melancholy Tale of Fate :
“ Unhappy *Dido* lies beneath this Stone,
“ By falſe *Æneas*, and his Vows undone;
“ True to her Love, tho’ ſcorn’d ; deceiv’d, ſhe dy’d ;
“ He gave the Sword ; her Hand the Sword apply’d.





Leander to Hero,

PRIESTESS of the Temple of *Venus*;

*Upon his being by Tempests, prevented from paying
his nightly Visits to Her, by swimming over the
Hellespontic Sea.*

THAT Health *Leander* to his *Hero* sends,
Himself would bring, were Winds and Seas
his Friends.

If the kind Gods my constant Passion speed,
These Lines my Charmer with Regret must read.
But sure I fear, the cruel Deities
Conspire against me with the Winds and Seas;
Assiduous Prayers are offer'd up in vain,
Waves choak my Passage o'er the stormy Main.

See!

See! what a pitchy Gloom involves the Sky,
How fiery red the nimble Light'nings fly:
Scarce any Vessel will the Danger prove,
Of high-swoll'n Billows, and of angry *Jove*.
One only ventures from the Shore to part;
Fraught with the Wishes of my bleeding Heart;
O may propitious Love conduct her way,
Swift as his Shafts, unerring too as they.
I would have climb'd the happy Vessel's Side,
But all *Abydos* then my Love had spy'd,
Which I so long conceal'd in deep Disguise
From all the World, and from my Parents Eyes.
This when I wrote, with murm'ring Sighs I said,
Go, faithful Paper, to the lovely Maid,
Feel the soft Touches of her beauteous Hands,
(Thy Master envies thee such sweet Commands)
As with her Iv'ry Teeth she strives to break
Thy slender Chains, close by her glowing Cheek:
Enjoy the Bliss of every breathing Gale,
And Fragrance, which her rosy Lips exhale.

These are the Dictates of an am'rous Heart,
To senseless Paper which my Hands impart :
But O! how much more willing would they sweep
The level Surface of the long-known Deep!
Seven Nights are past, to me a tedious Year;
Since howling Tempests stun my tortur'd Ear:
If during these, soft Sleep has seal'd my Eyes,
Mourning to see the low'ring Morns arise,
Kept by the Dangers of the furious Main,
May I no more thy dearest Sight regain.
Sometimes upon a rugged Rock reclin'd,
I strive to sooth my melancholy Mind;
With earnest Look, and ardent Thought pursue
The distant, dear, forbidden Shore in View:
Swifter than Light, Imagination flies,
And gains what intervening Space denies.

As o'er the lonely Rocks, and Shelves I gaze,
Methought I saw thy watchful Taper blaze.

Thrice

Thrice I depos'd my Garments on the Sand,
Thrice plunging in the Deep, forsook the Land.
The surging Waves my youthful Blows repell'd,
Beat on my Temples, and my Fury quell'd.
But O! thou Chief of all the swelling Tribe,
What mighty Treasure could thy Malice bribe,
To thwart my Will? against unhappy me
Thy Spite is vented, rather than the Sea.
Cold tho' thou art, thy chilly frozen Veins,
Thaw'd by warm Love, have thrill'd with am'rous
Pains.

How hadst thou bluster'd, if some pious Aid
Had stopt thy Passage to the ravish'd Maid?
Taught by thy self then, *Boreas*, learn to spare
My sick'ning Hopes, and hear a Lover's Prayer;
Deaf to my Prayers, regardless of my Moan,
Boreas re-murmurs in a louder Tone.
O! had I, *Dædalus*, thy daring Wings,
Scorning the Danger which Ambition brings,

Soaring

Soaring aloft, I'd skim the buxom Air,
And fly to the Embraces of my Fair.
This too's deny'd ; then let me for a while
With sadly-sweet amusing Thoughts beguile
The tedious Time, recall those fleeting Hours
Of killing Extasy, that once were ours.
Forth from my Father's House I stole alone,
As Night slow-mounting up her Ebon-Throne,
Began her twinkling Glories to display,
And to the Shore unheeded took my way :
Then threw my Garments with my Fear aside,
And plunging, buffeted the sturdy Tide.
The friendly Moon with kind officious Beams,
Silver'd the Surface of the trembling Streams;
Yet ever and anon she seem'd to throw
Her fading Lustre in a fleecy Cloud.
Then I, Fair Goddess of the silent Night,
Bereave me not of thy auspicious Light;
Mindful of young *Endymion's* bloomy Charms,
Conduct me safely to my *Hero's* Arms.

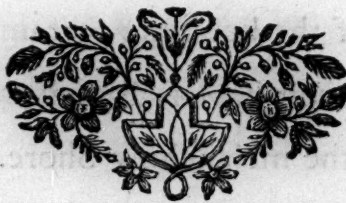
You,

You, tho' a *Deity*, forsook the Skies,
Lur'd by the Magick of a *Mortal's* Eyes :
A *Goddeſs* is the Object of my Care,
Her Form, her Mind, her All, *Divinity* declare!
Her Charms to none the Preference reſign,
But to the *Paphian* Queen's, or *Cynthia*, thine.
As all the Stars in yonder azure Field,
To thy ſerene ſuperior Brightneſs yield,
So do the faireſt Nymphs with Envy die,
And fade when near the Luſtre of her Eye.
This ſwimming ſoftly to my ſelf I ſpoke ;
The yielding Waves divide at ev'ry Stroke.
The glaſſy Plain reflects the quiv'ring Ray,
And the Skies brighten with a fainter Day.
Scarce any ſlumb'ring Breeze was heard to breathe,
Or ſound, but of the bubbling Stream beneath.
Halcyons alone their hapleſs Fate deplore,
Moaning along the melancholy Shore.
And now with vent'rous ſwimming almoſt ſped,
High from the Main erect I rais'd my Head :

But

But with what Transport spy'd I from afar,
The ruddy Gleamings of my better Star:
Within, I said, a brighter yet remains,
Source of my Joys, and End of all my Pains.
Sudden my Sinews reassum'd their Force,
And with fresh Vigour I pursu'd my Course.
Too weak Old *Ocean's* confluent Waters prove,
To quench the Flames of my resistless Love.
Near and more near the Land advances still,
But lags too slow for my fond eager Will.
Now, now I view the *Queen* of my Desire,
And all my raging Passions are on fire.

* * * * *





Laodamia to Protefilaus:

*When he lay Wind-bound at Aulis, on board the
Grecian Fleet, designed against TROY.*

—THE Winds expiring in a softer Breeze,
Swell'd the stretch'd Sails, and smooth'd the
peaceful Seas.

When, e'er the Waves, in Thought thy Course I sped,
Whilst on thy Eyes my famish'd Eyes were fed:
Nor could my Eyes the lovely Scene detain,
Dimm'd by my Tears, and dizzy by the Main.
But lost to those thy flutt'ring Sails pursue,
Thy flutt'ring Sails still less'ning to my View,
Float o'er the blewy Surge, and seem to wave Adieu.
Now bent beneath a Weight of Woe I stood,
With Eyes still fixing on the Desert Flood,

Till

Till froze with agonizing Pains I swoon'd,
And Grief suffus'd a Night of Shades around.
Near was I lost to ev'ry healing Power,
And scarce my Friends my fleeting Soul restore.
Kind tho' their Care, yet kind alas in vain,
Met they reviv'd, but ah! reviv'd to Pain.
With Life's new Tides, new Tides of Sorrow flow,
Grief melts my Soul, and Love dissolves to Woe.
New Scenes of Sorrows to my Soul appear,
Hear in each Sigh, and stream in ev'ry Tear.
No more my Dress reveals the easy Fair,
But, like my self, neglected, suits my Care.
No Flower-wrought Robes my tender Limbs infold,
Shaded with Dyes or interwove with Gold:
No more my Locks with starry Gems impress,
Soft-waving, flow adown my rising Breast:
But frantick as some Bacchanal, I go,
Alike in Figure, and alike in Woe.
In vain the fair Physicians sunk in ease,
With Female Airs my Soul distracted tease;

Arise

Arise, they cry, reject these Words of Care,
Dress and be gay; for so becomes the Fair:
And let the costly Pomp of Dress delight;
Whilst thou in Arms, sustain'st the Toils of Fight.
Shall purple Robes these careless Limbs invest,
And the rough Buckler brace thy tortur'd Breast?
Shall my loose Locks diffusive Odors shed,
And the big Helmet load my Warrior's Head?

* * * * *

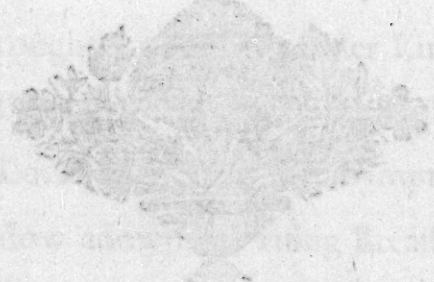


LAURA:

And let the costly troop of Birds delight
 Whither in Armas, amidst the Toils of Fight,
 Shall purple Robes, these carols I sing, invest,
 And the tough Buckler brace thy tunic's Breast;
 Shall my foot's Locks diffuse Odors shed,
 And the big Helmet ford thy Warrior's Head;

* * * * *

And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair
 And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair



And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair
 And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair

And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair
 And thy soft, downy hair, thy hair



L A U R A :
OR, THE
M I S T R E S S .

*Petrarch and Pattison invoke one Name,
And both by LAURA gain immortal Fame.*



VOL. II.

I

THE

ARTS

OF THE

MISTRESS

French and English
and both the Latin and Greek

THE

I VOL. II.



A N
E P I S T L E
T O
L A U R A.



O you, dear Object of my first Desires,
And only Partner of my softest Fires;
In artless Eloquence these Lines I send,
And let my Love each lowly Verse commend.
Nor scorn these Numbers, tho' too sadly flow,
Alas! they labour with a Weight of Woe!

The SIBYL of the *Godhead* dispossest'd,
Speechless, no more the PROPHETESS confess'd :
The Muse bereft of your inspiring Eyes,
Neglected, now her wonted Aid denies ;
From you alone her Harmony she drew,
Nor ever charm'd, unless she charm'd by you.

WHAT can I tell you new ! You know I love,
For that long since is register'd above.
But when I think on that amazing Art,
That could so easily engage my Heart :
I dread I know not what— but O my Dear !
Kindly forgive your Swain the fondling Fear,
This Heart as easily you may despise,
And scorn so mean a Conquest of your Eyes.
For Fancy often hears new Lovers sigh,
And prostrate sees adoring Vassals die :
But now to chace the Image of Despair,
Kindly she whispers Comfort in my Ear.

Then Heavens! what rising Raptures fill my Soul!
 How brisk the Tides of Life around me roll!
 Reviving Pleasures dance in ev'ry Vein,
 I love, I languish, and I live again.
 But ah! too soon these Intervals decay,
 And in returning Sorrow melt away!
 Raving I curse the stretching Hills that rise
 To intercept the Pleasure of my Eyes:
 With mournful Looks I measure the wide Vale,
 And waft kind Wishes in each passing Gale;
 Then melancholy, mourn my self asleep,
 And my sad Soul in Tears and Slumbers steep.

SOMETIMES to lose, or chace my Cares away,
 I mix among the Hurry of the Day.
 Pensive, I wander thro' each crowded Street,
 But lost my self, bewail my faithless Feet,
 The Streets to my distemper'd Fancy seem
 But swimming Shadows of a sickly Dream:

While to my Mind the fluctuating Crouds,
Appear but solitary waving Woods.
Where-e'er I turn my thoughtful Eyes, I find
All, but the lovely Image of my Mind;
'Till lost in wild Rapidity of Thought,
Amaz'd, I wonder at the Place I sought.

IF I to Books, and Study take Recourse,
Ev'n Books, and Study lose their wonted Force;
For what's persuasive Eloquence to me,
Unless to breathe my Love-sick Soul to thee!
And why should I perplexing Thoughts explore,
My Mind's too thoughtful to admit of more.

THUS I the Drudgery of Life pursue,
For Life's but painful Bondage void of You,
My Cares, almost despairing of Relief,
Turn fancy'd Pleasures into real Grief,

BUT

BUT O my lovely *Laura*, charming Fair,
 Joy of my Soul, and Object of my Prayer;
 By all those Transports that my Soul express,
 When I lean'd trembling on your panting Breast:
 By all those Languishments that told my Love,
 Those Languishments which then could *Laura* move!
 By those dear Sighs that on each Whisper hung,
 And sweeten'd e'en the Music of your Tongue:
 So may kind Fortune try each happy Art,
 To join true Lovers which she cannot part,
 Inviolable let our Vows remain:
 And imitate, my Dear, your faithful Swain.





*On a Rose gathered, by LAURA,
in Winter.*

WHILE fierce inclement Storms descend,
 And Forests with the Winter bend;
 While no kind genial Suns appear,
 To mollify the frozen Year;
 Tell me, *Laura*, in what Skies
 Could this early Rose arise!
 Or perhaps the Queen of Love,
 A Sister's Kindness for to prove,
 Sent it from her *Cyprian* Grove.

But blushing don't deny, my Dear,
 If I should tell you how, or where,

You

You found the little Wonder grow,
 Rising from a Bed of Snow ;
 For we have Reasons to suffice,
 'Twas created by your Eyes ;
 That Nature by a sudden Look
 For the Sun their Beams mistook ;
 They shed their Influence on the Earth ;
 And smiling blest the fragrant Birth ;
 By their genial Rays it grew
 Sweet in Odour, sweet in Hue,
 Full of Beauty, full of you.

BUT whilst you blush, to hear me say,
 Things so far from Reason's Way,
 You your very self betray.
 For 'twas that Blush, with which you glow,
 That Blush which e'en revives me too !
 That could such wond'rous Influence give ;
 Create, and make a Flower live.

Achil-

122 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

Achilles in the Nymph conceal'd,
Was by the Warrior's Hand reveal'd.

Then, *Laura*, since it is your own,
Let a Mother's Love be shown :
In dewy Tears it mourns for Rest,
Then take your Infant to your Breast.

For since at first it sprung from Snow,
And there, 'tis likely, loves to grow ;
Your Bosom's the best place I know ;
For that not only has the Hue,
But e'en the very Coldness too.





On LAURA's Singing.

WHEN *Laura's* tuneful *Airs* my Soul surprize,
And fan the Flame created by her Eyes ;
Forgetful of myself, I rashly gaze
On the dear Magic of her fatal Face ;
Each soft'ning Sound my melting Soul disarms,
And I'm an easy Conquest to her Charms.

THUS the bold Warriour, with undaunted Eye,
Sees scatter'd Troops and Armies round him die ;
Inspir'd with Music's animating Sounds,
In Death he triumphs, and he smiles at Wounds,
Undaunted views with Pride the deadly Dart ;
Nor fears it, till he feels it in his Heart.





To LAURA, walking in the Rain.

SEE, lovely unrelenting *Laura*, see,
 The very Heavens bewail your Cruelty!
 The sobbing Breezes to my Grief reply,
 Weep to my Tears, and to my Murmurs sigh:
 In-animate, my Pity they regard,
 And mourn a Nymph so soft, and yet so hard!
 But wretched Swain for ever now despair,
 Nor fondly hope to melt the cruel Fair;
 For how should Mortal's Sighs and Tears prevail,
 When even thus the Gods themselves can fail!





*To LAURA, who thought I
mistook her for another in
the Dark.*

I.

TH O' Night her deepest Sables spread,
To favour the Deceit ;
Tho' you yourself, my lovely Maid,
Conspir'd, I knew the Cheat.

II.

But yet, my charming Nymph, I swear
By that dear stolen Kiss,
That you can cheat me any where,
Or any way but this.

You

III.

You wonder since each Lover's blind;
How I could *Laura* know !
But pardon me, severely kind,
They're such, that *Cupid's* so.

IV.

Nor think I boast I found the Cheat
By my own, but by your Eyes ;
'Twas they for once, free from Deceit,
'Twas they discover'd the Disguise.

V.

'Tis they alone the Sun outshine,
Like his, their Darts are hurl'd ;
Like his their Office is divine,
But guide a nobler World.



LAURA'S *Picture.*

WHEN *Nature* form'd the lovely *Spartan*
Maid, *

Amaz'd the charming Wonder *she* survey'd ;
And thus delighted cry'd : At length in *Greece*,
With safety I may claim a *finis'd Piece*.
Yet soon *she* found, in spite of all her Boast,
Those Beauties but in human Frailties lost.

THE Goddess griev'd at what she first essay'd,
But common Beauties for long Ages made ;
'Till once beholding *Britain's* beauteous Isle,
Where ev'ry thing conspir'd to make her smile,

* *Hellen.*

Her former Hopes reviv'd with secret Joy,
Awak'd her Pleasure to some new Employ;
Yet still she fear'd th' irreparable Cost]
That once was in a fatal Beauty lost ;
And nicely cautious, did at first impart
But half the Power of her wondrous Art :
On beauteous ROSAMONDA try'd her Charms;
And gave the Present to great HENRY's Arms :
Then exercis'd her nice creating Care,
To make one virtuous too as well as fair ;
In *Sacharissa* shew'd her justest Art,
The sweetest Face, and the severest Heart.
But fearing yet again to be betray'd,
For she ne'er knew the Woman's Heart she made;
Waller the tunefull'st of the tuneful Swains,
With all the softest, and the gentlest Strains,
By cunning Nature was inspir'd, to prove
The Nymph superior to the Power of Love.

CON.

Confirm'd at length, the Goddess now design'd
To make One perfect Wonder of the Kind,
And all her Charms at once in *Laura* join'd.



On a Feather in her Hair.

IF *Laura* but wear it, a *Feather* can charm,
Ah who can be safe, if a *Feather* can harm?
Since first I beheld it, the Life I have led!
All Quiet and Ease with the *Feather* are fled.
Fly Youth from my *Laura*, whoever thou art,
And, warn'd by the *Feather*, beware of the *Dart*.



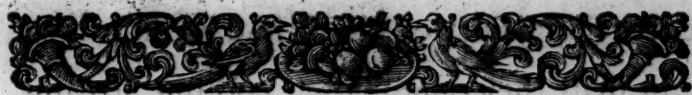


*Hellen and Laura.**

TWO charming Nymphs to Man's Destruction
 born,
 One *Græcia* did, one *England* does adorn.
 The *first* bright Fair too kindly fatal lov'd,
This by Severities as fatal prov'd:
 Alas! how different is our equal Fate!
 For *that* Age fell by *Love*, and *this* by *Hate*.

* Alluding to Mr. Dryden's Epigram on Milton. See, another Allusion to this Epigram in Mr. Pattison's Life. Vol. 1st. Page 7.





To a LADY, fishing.

NAY, now I yield—for who could e'er with-
stand

A Foe victorious both by Sea, and Land.

But cannot Earth afford you Slaves enow,

That thus you triumph o'er the Water too?

Yet I confess these Realms to you belong,

Because at first from them fair Beauty sprung;

From them originally took its Rise,

Its boundless Power and Inconstancies,

And lo! the finny Nations of the Flood,

As if they knew you too, around you croud.

Ah! little harmless Wantons timely fly

The magic Influence of her fatal Eye;

In vain these Floods! where now secure ye shun
The scorching Fury of the Mid-day Sun:
In vain shall they oppose their cooling Streams,
To guard ye from *Belinda's* fiercer Beams.

HERE you, bright Nymph, your subject Realms
survey,
And see both Elements alike obey:
At once victorious with your Hands and Eyes,
You make the Fishes, and the Men your Prize;
And while the pleasing Slavery we court,
I fear you captivate us both for Sport.

BUT ah! fair Nymph, be cautious, and beware,
Nor to the faithless Margin press too near;
Lest ravish'd with your Charms, some wat'ry God,
Surpriz'd, behold you from his blue Abode;
And hoping long-lost *Venus* to regain,
Should bear you to the Bottom of the Main.





THE

Fatal Request to Cupid.

SHEW me, said I, thou mighty God of Love,
The brightest Nymph that ever trod the Grove;
When thus the laughing Deity reply'd;
Well, Swain, for once I'll gratify thy Pride:
Laurinda's Form divinely fair behold,
And that the Boast more safely may be told,
Here, take a Signal of her Power; this Dart:
He said, and fiercely shot it in my Heart.





*On hearing a very homely, and
deformed Lady sing finely.*

WHILE with strange Surprize, I see
A Form so foul! such Harmony!

I fancy Things too strange to tell,——

A sudden Taste of Heaven and Hell:

That some bright Angel from above,

Pleas'd a-while on Earth to rove,

Invisible to every Eye,

Has left the Regions of the Sky;

Cœlestial Harmony to show

To us Mortals here below.

AND now, (O listen) now I hear,
The very Music of the Sphere!

Unseen

Unseen the Angel hovers round,
 Melting in harmonious Sound.
 But hideous *Balba* strangely vain,
 With moving Lips usurps the Strain:
 While her Shape, and Figure show,
 A Fiend just conjur'd from below;
 A Fiend, that but upon Parole,
 From Hell, to hear such Musick, stole;
 Knowing when she returns again,
 The sure Succession of her Pain;
 And learns these Notes to sooth her Grief,
 Which in her Torments bring Relief;
 To charm each horrid Scene of Woe,
 And make another Heaven below.





To a Friend in Love.

IN vain, my *Damon*, you look pale, and write,
Languish all Day, and sigh away the Night ;
For while these inconsistent Forms you try,
She thinks you rival her Inconstancy.
Then show the Man again, and re-assume
The sprightly Pride of One-and-twenty's Bloom :
With Courage take her in your longing Arms,
And when she's conquer'd, she must yield her Charms.

LONG thus in borrow'd Shapes *Vertumnus* strove
To cheat the fair *Pomona* into Love ;
Yet still he try'd his Fallacies in vain,
She mock'd the Soldier, and she scorn'd the Swain :
But when his proper Form the God confess'd,
Yielding, she clasp'd him to her panting Breast,



*The Disappointed Maid, and the
drowzy Swain.*

A T A L E.

AS *Dolly* and her fav'rite Swain
Were interrupted by the Rain,
From tedding out the fragrant Hay;
Beneath a shelt'ring Cock they lay:
When thus the lovely, longing Jade,
Unto the drowzy Shepherd said,
Nay, prithee *Lobby*, why so sleepy?
Indeed—upon my Word I'll nip ye.—

How

138 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

How pretty might we sit, and chat,
 Tell o'er old Stories, and all that.—
 But you—O L——d, the careless Beast!
 As if Folks lie down to take Rest.
Lob, half asleep, made no Replies,
 Or answer'd with a Grunt her Sighs.
 While she to be reveng'd, arose,
 And play'd a Tickler in his Nose.
 (But some, the Virgin to disgrace,
 Will say, 'twas in another Place.)
 Be that as 'twill, she wak'd the Swain,
 And tickled him with Words again.
 Come Sweeting, *Lobby*, come my Dear,
 I'm sure that nobody is near ;
 Indeed we may, pray ben't afraid,
 Poor I am but an harmless Maid
 For since you're so dispos'd to rest,
 Pray take a Nap upon my Breast.
 You see Time, Leisure, Place, and all
 For such Employment, seem to call.

And

And you remember People say,
When the Sun shines, then make your Hay.
 Augh! Augh! quoth *Lob*, wak'd with Surprize,
 To see the Sun flame! in his Eyes.
 Heigh hoa! come *Dall*, for as you say,
The Sun shines, we must make our Hay;
 So reach me there my Rake and Prong,
 'Twas well you wak'd— we've slept too long.





The Case stated.

Inter cæsa, & porrecta.

HORACE, I think, prescribes this Rule,
(And surely *Horace* is no Fool)

Poets should keep, e'er the World knows it,

Their *Poems* nine Years in their Closet :

I own the Fancy's very good ;

But pray, let this be understood :

Your *meagre Poets* now-a-days,

Write more for Profit than for Praise :

And whilst their *Poems* live in Garret,

Themselves, alas ! may die for Claret.





A
P R O L O G U E

T O T H E
F U N E R A L :

A
C O M E D Y.

*Supposed to be spoken before the University
of CAMBRIDGE.*



I V E very often heard what Fear can do,
But never found the sad Effects till now;
And now my Face in sober Sadness shows it,
But hush— before each teasing Coxcomb knows it.

PRAY

PRAY Sirs, forgive me if I shrewdly guess;
 The latent Meaning of this fable Dress;
 Did not I know ye, I should think ye come,
 Like Ravens, to foretel our Poet's Doom;
 But since we act the *Funeral* to-day,
 We'll but suppose ye Mourners in the Play.

YET thanks to Fate, some dawning Hopes appear,
 Break thro' the Gloom, and gild the low'ring Sphere.
 Lo! Comet-like the Commoners arise,
 And as the streaming Light'ning gild the Skies,
 But thank 'em, they're too witty to be wise.
 Like Light'ning, yet I fear, they'll blast our Toil,
 And wound the very Place, on which they smile.

BUT O ye Sophs, ye mighty Men of Wit!
 You that so well can lord it o'er a Pit!
 For once guard this with ruminating Face,
 And stand the solemn Guardians of the Place!

Clear it from snearing, fly, pretending Fools,
And lug the beardless Criticks to the Schools:
So may the Fresh-men ev'ry Pun approve,
So may your Puns the Fresh-mens Jokes reprove.
So may your Gravities with equal Ease,
Guzzle fat College-Ale, or take Degrees,
Turn Pedants, Parsons, Criticks, what ye please.

BUT if the Play's intolerably bad,
And nothing but Damnation can be had;
Torment it with your criticising Tools,
Time, Place, and Characters, and twenty Rules;
Nay, use it like a Fresh-man in the Schools.
But pray, good surly Gentlemen, be sure ye
Observe the just Decorum of a Fury;
And this, among the rest, a *Maxim* hold,
That, Vixens always clap their Hands and scold.



The Enjoyment.

COME my *Laura*, come my Love;
Come my tender *Turtle-Dove*;

Let us from this Heat retire,

To languish in a softer Fire.

How the waving Elms invite us!

How these Rosy Bowers delight us!

How their am'rous Foldings twine,

To imitate thy Arms and mine!

See these Snowy *Lillies* blowing,

With the blushing *Roses* glowing,

Silently the Soul inspire,

To kindle at thy Lover's Fire:

See these springing *Violets* rise,

Animated by thy Eyes;

Lavishly their Charms they spread,
To make a soft enamel'd Bed ;
And like this downy swelling Breast,
They rise, and languish to be press'd.

BUT O thou happy, happy Grove,
Sacred to the God of Love,
With the thickest Umbrage shade us,
Let no piercing Rays invade us :
Let no Light but Beauty's charm us,
Let no Heat but Beauty's warm us :
Make our artificial Light,
Close and sweet as our Delight.

AND now, my Dear, no longer coy,
Let us give a Loose to Joy !
Then, closely lay thy Lips to mine,
And let our Souls and Bodies join ;
Let me suck thy balmy Breath,
And fainting, glory in my Death.

Take me dying to thy Arms,
And revive me with thy Charms.
Ah me! I die with pleasing Pain,
O kindle me to Life again.
And now, my brighter Queen of Love,
I'll confess the stronger *Jove*.

O happiest Transport, dearest Blessing,
Sweetest Rapture past expressing!
Who can tell the thrilling Pleasure,
When the Nymph resigns her Treasure!
When she melts in ripen'd Bliss,
Breathing out her Soul in Kisses!
When in Paradise she lies,
And rolls her pretty dying Eyes:
While the Snake with softer Strains,
Sweetly stings her tickling Veins!
She pants, she sighs, she heaves her Charms,
And locks her vig'rous Lover in her Arms.





A Description of his Mistress.

SHE's young, and She's tender,
She's handsomely slender,

She's genteel, She's pretty,

Good-natur'd, and witty :

Adorn'd with those Graces,

We want in some Faces ;

But moves,— O most sweetly !

Then dances so neatly !

No Scandal she rattles,

But agreeably prattles ;

Learns Love and such Fancies,

From Plays, and Romances.

Is proud, but a little,

And my Soul to a Tittle.



*Sent Me, from a Lady, with
a Rose.*

WHILST these vernal Sweets exhale,
Whilst you bless the Rosy Gale;
Think upon the Giver's State,
Think, and O compare our Fate!

VIEW your *Laura*, view her Flower,
Smiling Daughters of an Hour!
Sweet's our Beauty, fair our Hue;
Sweet, and fair, at least to you.
When with tender Ardour prest,
We lie blushing on your Breast:
Happy! could we still enjoy;
Happy! could we never cloy;
Happy!

Happy! could we keep our Charms
From, or, ever in those Arms!
But when once those Charms decay,
Both, like Weeds, are thrown away.



*On an Apple, given me by
Laura.*

SURE all submit to lovely *Laura's* Charms,
Who with a thousand Darts an *Apple* arms;
With Adoration I approach'd the Dame,
My Hand receiv'd the *Fruit*, my Soul the *Flame*:
Alas, too deep I feel the deadly Smart,
I gain'd an *Apple*, but I lost my *Heart*.



A Song.

SHEPHERD! if you see me, fly ;
And why should that thy Fears create ?

Maids may be too often shy,

As well in Love, as Hate.

If from you I fly away,

'Tis because I fear to stay.

II.

Should I out of Hatred run,

Much less would be my Pains and Care.

But the Youth I love, I shun ;

Who can such a Trial bear ?

Who, that such a Swain could see,

Or who can love, and fly like me !

III.

III.

Cruel Duty bids me go,

But gentle Love commands my Stay,
Pity, still to Love a Foe;

O shall I this, or that obey?

Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles,
That destroys, but this beguiles.

IV.

Ever by this Crystal Stream,

O! I could sit me down and weep;

Ravish'd with the pleasing Theme,

O! 'tis worse than Death to sleep;

But the Danger is so great,

That Love gives Wings, instead of Hate.

V.

Shepherd! if you love me, leave me;

Leave me to my Self alone,

O! you may with Ease deceive me!

Prithee, charming Boy, be gone!

Heaven has decreed that we must part,

That has my Vows, but you my Heart.



On hearing a Lady sing PRIOR's
Alexis.

WHEN *Philly* sings these tender Strains,
Such magic Airs the Notes improve,
I languish with the Shepherd's Pains,
And kindle at another's Love.

II.

Some from a sweet bewitching Eye,
Receive the gaily fatal Dart;
Their *Cupid's* Arrows I defy,
'Tis Musick only strikes my Heart.

III.

But when soft Strains, and Beauty's Charms,
Harmoniously to wound, conspire;
A double Stroke my Breast disarms,
And breathing Musick blows the Fire.

IV,

IV.

Such is charming *Philly's* Power,
 Enchanting Smiles, enchanting Sound!
 That were we from her Eyes secure,
 Her Voice, with latent Force would wound.

V.

Thus when keen Light'nings gild the Skies,
 The Trav'ler shakes with holy Dread;
 Trembles as the Flashes rise,
 Nor sees the Bolt that strikes him dead.

VI.

So soft! so sweet the Charmer sings,
 Each yielding Thought the Strains controul.
 But Love—and Love from Music springs,
 That sooths, with piercing Sounds, the Soul.

VII.

VII.

But would the powerful Charmer try

This Token of her Art to prove,

To melt me first with Harmony,

Then make me such as she can love !



To a LADY,

*Who, in return for a Copy of Verses, sent
me a flower'd Cap.*

IS this, *dear Maid!* the Price of all my Pains,
My Sighs, my Prayers, and never-ceasing Strains;
Fair *Daphne* thus, a grateful Heart to show,
The *Lover* scorn'd, but crown'd the *Poet's* Brow.



On Crito, who wrote against
Me.*

THEY say that out of pure Ill-Nature

Crito has lately wrote a *Satire*;

On *me* too—That the silly Elf

Should be forgetful of *Himself*!

Satire's a very dangerous thing,

And often wears a *double* Sting;

And tho' it chance to lose its Aim,

It seldom fails in getting Game.

So Gun enrag'd to miss the Black-bird,

Recoiling, knocks poor *Lobcock* backward.

* One *Ch—y*, of *St. John's* Coll. a most vain Scribler, who bound up his own Rhymes in *Turkey* Leather, and set 'em off with Pictures. See his Character in the *Session of Poets*. Vol. I. page 28.

But *Crito* tells me, full of Choler,
He's drawn *me* in my proper Colour ;
I thank him for his merry Whim,
And fain would do the same by him ;
But hang it tho', 'tis curst Cost,
To daub an *Ass* on every *Post* !
But all consider'd tho', I think
I'd e'en as good take up with Ink :
On second Thoughts too, 'cause 'tis black,
It seems the very thing I lack,
For I am apt to think his Soul
Is somewhat darker than a Coal.

But yet, old Boy, I see in spight
Of all your forc'd ill-natur'd Wit,
The very self-same thing you strive at ;
The very End and Aim you drive at :
But faith I han't Time, tho' you lack now,
The Favour *Dryden* did for *Flecknoe*.

And

And sily want to steal in Print,
And that I'm sure is all that's in't.

So Country-Girl, in Breeding awkward,
Whips up *Ralph's* Chair, and tilts him backward ;
Tho' all the while she means no Hurt,
And does it, as she says, for Sport :
Ay, ay, but if I rightly guess,
Her Sport, summ'd up, amounts to this ;
That she, in *jest*, may teach the Clown
To throw herself in *earnest* down.





On Reading the Turtle and
Sparrow,

A

T A L E.*

LET Tears no more lament the Dead in
vain,

For see ! our easy *Prior* lives again.

These genuine Lines the gentle Bard reveal,

And paint that *Nature* he alone could feel :

With tender Accents touch the soft'ning Soul,

Or gaily mock the Philosophic Fool.

* These VERSES are prefixed to Mr. *Prior's Posthumous Works*. Printed
for H. Curll in the Strand.

WHEN

WHEN *Turturella* tells her piteous Moan,
Who does not make the Mourner's Grief his own?
How ravishingly sweet the Numbers move,
And breathe the dying Agonies of Love!
Such sympathizing Tenderness impart,
They melt the Reader's to a Lover's Heart.

BUT while th' inimitable Bard displays,
The wanton *Sparrow* in gallanter Lays;
The Marriage-State is image'd to the Life,
The careless Husband and the peevish Wife;
The Troubles of the fet-lock'd Couple shew,
And either Sex is open'd to the View.

THUS sung delightful MATT—but sings no more,
Long since lamented on the lonesome Shore;
Pensive for Him in vain my Voice essays,
To court THALIA to her Poet's Praise;
Like *Turturella* she neglects her Charms,
Despairing of another PRIOR's Arms:

Alike

Alike their Tenderness, alike their Woe,
 For what *Columbo* was, is *Prior* now :
 Time's Period past—He shall for ever live,
 And like these Labours by his Death revive.



On seeing Mr. Prior's Monument in Westminster-Abbey.

SAY, *Prior*, stands this *Busto* here to show,
 Thy *Life* had not its *Vanities* enow ; *
 And could a *Poet*, that *immortal Name*,
 Implore the *Chissel's Charity* of *Fame*?

* Alluding to these Words of Mr. PRIOR in his WILL (after having ordered a Monument) “ *For this last Piece of Human Vanity, I Will, that the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds be set aside.* ”



A Receipt to make a Modern Poet.

Semper ego Auditor—

Q. WELL then—when will these Railings
end?

A. Lord Sir, as soon as Poets mend.

Q. But durst thou thus, profanely bold,
Thy Argument so stiffly hold ?
Refrain in time this four ill-Nature,
And dread *The Universal Satire*. *
How durst you say (nay ne'er deny,
And poorly truckle with a Lye)

* Dr. *Young's* Universal Passion.

That *ex probato* you could show it,

We scarce have now one Perfect Poet.

A. Why what I think, Sir, still I'll stand to,
And what I say I'll set my Hand to ;
But lest uncourteously you think,
I mix ill-Nature with my Ink,
For leaving out *Pack, Prior, Pope,*
This Answer may suffice I hope——

Q. Faith Sir, you're very wise I own,
Is *Homer* then no better known ?
Tibullus and old *Chaucer* too,
I wonder you forget them so.

A. *Those* Bards, but now, you heard me name,
And are not *These* the very same,
Alike their Worth, alike their Fame !
For *Nature* conscious of the Cost,
(And her *Receipt-Poetic* lost)
In *Prior, Pack,* and *Pope* infuses
Their very *transmigrated Muses* ;

But

But now since *Nature* thus knocks under,
 Let's see how *Art* can work a Wonder ;
 And where the *Lion's* Skin shall fail,
 We'll patch it with the *Fox's* Tail.
 Well then—*Imprimis*—*Recipe*—

Q. But what ? How much ?— A. Why let me see,
 First, *take*, a little Stock of Learning,
 Then, a less Portion of Discerning,
 Sufficient, if you reach the Rules
 (Of *Ipsè Dixit*, and the *Schools*)
 Next *take*, of *Vanity* enough,
 Modest Assurance, *Irish* proof ;
 Then frugally to spare your *Wit*,
 Take something that *resembles it* ;
 And to prevent a thousand things
 Which Judgment to my Fancy brings,
 This *one Ingredient* is the best,
 (Nay faith 'tis worth e'en *all* the rest,
 For I have known *it* oft prevail
 Where *Art* and stronger *Nature* fail)

I mean a *very good Estate*,
 But 'tis so hard to get of late!
 To this infuse a *Knack of Rhyming*,
 Then set the Whirligig a chyming.
 These, *nicely mix*, but if you lack *more*,
 You'll find 'em *all summ'd up* in BLACKMORE.





*The Battle of the Pygmies and
Cranes.*

Translated from the *Latin* of
Mr. ADDISON. *

CONTENDING Troops, and Fields of
Death I sing,

Ye tuneful Nine your sacred Succour bring,
In Arms my Pygmy-Sons of Fame prepare,
And rouse the *Cranic* Furies to the War;

* All Mr. ADDISON's *Latin* Poems are translated by Dr. Sewell, Mr. Newcomb, and Mr. Amburst. viz. 1. On the Peace of Reswick. 2. On the Resurrection. 3. The Bowling-Green. 4. The Barometer. 5. The Puppet-Show. 6. The Battle of the Pygmies and Cranes. 7. An Ode to Dr. Burnet, on his Theory. 8. An Ode to Dr. Hannes, &c. With his Dissertation upon the CLASSICKS. Printed for H. Curll, in the Strand.

Their Acts, their Valour, and their Worth rehearse,
And let their slaughter'd Heroes live in Verse.

THE Wrath of *Peleus'* Son, the *Golden Fleece*,
With all the num'rous labour'd Themes of *Greece*,
Long since exhausted, are too vulgar grown,
To shine in any Colours but their own;
Who does not know the pious *Prince of Troy*?
And WILLIAM'S Triumphs ev'ry Tongue employ:
Whilst in reviving Numbers I pursue,
A Theme less Glorious, but a Theme more new;
Wars yet un Sung, and Warriours yet unknown,
Rush thro' the Fields of Air my Brow to crown.

WHERE *Indian* Groves their warmer Shades
display,
Blest with the earliest Influence of the Day,
Deep in a Vale, by Nature's Hand secur'd,
With Woods defended, and with Rocks immur'd,

In

In happier Days indulgent Fate design'd
 To fix the Empire of the *Pygmy* Kind :
 Here long in easy State the Nation reign'd,
 Soft Peace indulging what their Toils obtain'd.
 O happy had it known an happy Life,
 Serene from Cares, and unall'd to Strife :
 But heedless Mortals ever blind to Fate,
 Rush on impenitently, wise too late !
 For now the tender-hearted Traveller,
 Weeping, beholds the sad Effects of War ;
 No more he views, alas ! with sweet Surprise,
 The early Hopes of future Empires rise :
 But O ! the miserable Turn of Fate,
 Presents reverse, a ruined State ;
 Skulls, broken Arms, a pallid Horrour spread,
 The wretched Ruins of the mighty Dead !
 While with insulting Pride the *Cranic* Foe
 Menaces Vengeance on the Bones below :
 Triumphantly the screaming Tyrants reign,
 And proudly lord it o'er th' unpeopled Plain.

NOR thus they dar'd when happier Days of Yore,
Loudly confess'd the potent *Pygmies* Power :
How timorously then they skimm'd the Air!
And e'en in Clouds, imagin'd *Pygmies* near.
Then durst the boldest *Crane* the Plains invade,
His forfeit Life the certain Ransom paid ;
His mangled Carcass furnish'd out a Feast,
At once the Banquet, and at once the Guest :
Or could he rarely 'scape their hostile Rage,
'Twas but with greater Evils to engage :
For he no sooner to his Nest returns,
But that despoil'd with bleeding Infants mourns ;
Eluded Danger gives him no Relief,
Weeping, he dies with fond paternal Grief.

FROM these inhuman Villanies arose
The *Cranes* Repentment, and the *Pygmies* Woes ;
Hence dreadful Wars ensu'd, and direful Arms,
That shook the peaceful Country with Alarms.

LESS Wrongs refented, and leis noble Rage,
In former Days did *Homer's* Muse engage,
When to the Field his downy Chiefs he led,
With sable Troops of croaking Heroes spread:
Deep thro' the Vales confounding Clamours rise,
And in hoarse Echoes murmur to the Skies;
Disjointed Heroes of their Limbs bereft,
Bewail the uselefs Life that Fate has left.

AND now the great, th' important Day appear'd,
A Day for ever by the *Pygmies* fear'd!
Now conscious of their Crimes, they view their
Fate,
And penitentially grow wise too late!
In vain the *Cranes* their plummy Troops prepare,
And rally all their Forces to the War;
Summon'd the Chiefs that drink *Cayister's* Stream,
Receive the welcome Call, and thirst for Fame;
Cold *Scythia* pours her winged Armies forth,
And heads the hardy Millions of the *North*.

170 *Miscellaneous* POEMS.

Fomented Wrongs their injur'd Souls excite,
Burn for Revenge, and kindle to the Fight;
Eager they meditate their absent Foes,
And exercise imaginary Blows:
Imaginary Conquests swell their Minds,
And each Breast labours with some vast Designs.

BUT now warm Breezes melt the frozen Year,
And warbling Birds bespeak the Summer near:
Embody'd then the winged Nations rise,
Darken the Day, and stretch along the Skies;
In sounding Gales the hov'ring Armies flow,
And seem a Tempest to the World below.
Shrill screaming Thunders thro the Welkin fly,
And terribly presage Destruction nigh.

* * * * *



(171)



A N
E P I S T L E
T O H I S
M A J E S T Y,
King G E O R G E II.

On his Accession to the Throne. *

M Y Sacred LIEGE, if Sorrow cease to flow,
And reasoning Nature yield a Pause to Woe,
In the sad Silence of *Ideal Gloom*,
Whilst *Death*, triumphant, mocks the *Monarch's*
Tomb,
Reflect, how *Glory* crouds *Life's* narrow Span!
And let the PRINCE recover from the Man.

* The AUTHOR died on the Day, he was to have been introduced to
the KING, with this Poem, viz. July 10th, 1727.

BEND,

BEND, then, auspicious o'er *Thy* filial *Isle*,
And with a Father's Eye her Grief beguile ;
Joy, o'er her Tears, in gentle Smiles diffuse,
As rising Suns melt off the Morning Dews.

BEAM'D on my Breast, how full *Thy* Glories shine !
Nor more by *Lineage*, than by *Virtue Thine*.
From Heaven deriv'd, in Pity to our Woes,
By *Virtue*, first, the Right to Rule arose :
What time *Great Souls* to tame the World began,
And broke the wild *Barbarians* into Man ;
Then, stricter *Laws* their loose Desires restrain'd,
And thro' the Paths of *Justice*, wisely rein'd :
Aw'd then, destructive *Rapine* learn'd to cease,
And jarring *Factions* harmoniz'd in Peace.

As some pure Stream, the hurrying Tempest o'er,
Serenely winds along the Flowery Shore,
Progressive, paints the Borders as they rise ;
And each still Scene with living Nature vies.

Calm'd

Calm'd thus for Thought, and actively refin'd,
Dawn'd fair *Ideas* on the forming Mind;
Hence, the fam'd *ATHENS* rich in *Science* grew,
And *Arts* still follow'd where *ROME's Eagles* flew;
Hence, too, victorious o'er the Powers of *SPAIN*,
Late Times shall own the Wonders of *Thy* Reign,
Reviv'd, those ancient Sons of Genius see,
And all their Godlike *Patrons* crown'd in *THEE!*

Lost in the Vision of *Futurity*,
Slowly the *Muse* steals back her ravish'd Eye,
And nobly kindling at an earlier Aim,
Dates the bright *Era* of *Thy* growing Fame.

NOR shall the Pomp of the *Slow-moving Train*,
Charm to the Vulgar-Gaze! her Sight detain:
Poor were the Praise, on Themes like those to dwell,
Where *THORNHILL's Colours* might the *Verse* excel!
Unnoted pass the wide Procession by—
True Greatness strikes alone the *mental* Eye!

Shot

Shot thro' the Covert of a *Court's Disguise*,
That reads *thy* Soul; for there the *Monarch* lies!
And *there*, in every Attribute express,
As once on *MOSES*, sees the *GOD* confess.

THRICE happy *Hand* of Power, to *THEE*
align'd,
To awe, to govern, and to bless Mankind!
To call forth humble Virtue into Fame,
To shade the *Titled Villain* o'er with Shame,
With Force to rescue *where* the Proud oppress,
And count a kind of *Merit* from Distress;
Or, when despairing in the Cave of Grief,
Surprize the *sentenc'd Sinner* back to Life,
And by the Favour of one *Smile* supply,
What gasping *Monarchs* would with Empires buy.

How great these Acts!— but, since their Praise
were poor,

Let me, at least, in Thought, indulge them o'er!

Confess

Confess the Pride would with my Wish agree,
And bend my Heart, O *Power!* to envy Thee!
Then *Mercy!* shouldst thou melt each harden'd Soul,
And *Vice* turn *Virtue* by thy soft Controul:
For *Man* by Nature is a doubtful Soil,
And wildly fertile asks the Tiller's Toil;
Yet the same Place, where the rank Venom grows,
Blushful, may blossom forth the fragrant Rose.

BLEST be the *Prince*, who thus his Power employs,
He moves in Smiles, and lives in circling Joys;
Superior to the *Tyrant's* savage Arts,
Founds his firm Empire on his Subjects Hearts;
From gentlest Virtues draws the noble Plan,
And proves the *Monarch* something more than Man.

'T WAS thus we saw THEE, lost in sweet Surprise,
Prelude *AUGUSTUS* to our ravish'd Eyes;

Delightful

Delightful Prospects dawn'd on every Breast,
And *All* the glorious Interval confess'd!

NOR dwell we distant on the backward Hour,
Urg'd by fresh Views enlarging on before;
Brightening down Ages, with progressive Shine,
They kindle Souls, in vain, to rival *thine*:
Whilst thro' the Mist of Time thy Fame appears,
The laurel'd Victress of ten thousand Years!

YET wilt thou still the Course of Glory run,
Rise, height'ning into Lustre, like the Sun:
For generous Minds, tho' Miracles were wrought,
Mourn every Act below their towering Thought:
Thus, tho' our Eye stretch the long Landscape o'er
To the last Point, our Reason flies before.

As in full Circles of Delight we rove,
Ev'n *Loyalty* itself is lost in *Love*;

Whilst

Whilst crowded Nations, gazing from the Heart,
 With honest Nature mock the *Muse's* Art.
 No more the Labourer mourns his empty Toil ;
 Nor *foreign Weeds* infect our happy Soil,
 Joyful, we see our Stores on Stores increase,
 The bounteous Growth of Liberty and Peace.

O, Fair *BRITANNIA*! Empress of the
 Main,
 Fresh spring the Joys, an ever-blooming Train!
 Steal them one Moment from thy downy Rest,
 (For 'twas still thine to pity the distress'd ;)
 O'er thy wide Ocean cast thy gentle Eye,
 There learn how Lands unciviliz'd may die ;
 And, as thou mourn'st their Happiness o'erthrown,
 Nearly reflect, and learn to prize thy own :
 Nor envy Nations that remotely run
 To the full Influence of a warmer Sun,
 When all the various Sweets their Products boast,
 Transported, flourish on our happier Coast.

YET thy rich Plains with equal Bounty smile,
And all *Elysium* opens in thy *Iste*.
What yellowing Harvests o'er thy Mountains flow,
Wave down, and thicken all the Vale below!
How the glad Merchant views, with greedy Pride,
The World's Abundance pour in every Tide!
E'en *Avarice*, here, might sate her thirsty Eyes,
There, *Famine* feast, and into *Plenty* rise!

IN this Profusion of increasing Joy,
Heaves e'er a Breast, or streams a tearful Eye!
Let grating *Envy* now alone deplore,
E'en injur'd *Merit* is a Crime no more!
Nor doom'd to watch a cheerless Life away,
Like a dull Dial on a Winter's Day.

SINKS there oppress'd, to Shades obscure confin'd,
The mournful Merits of a generous Mind;
To *CAROLINA*, breathe the modest Prayer,
Her gentle Soul can charm away Despair!

 Her

Her gentle Soul from Want's last Verge retriev'd,
And e'en the *Shade* of *ancient* Worth reliev'd : *
The good OLD GENIUS saw *thy* Gifts engage,
And mock'd the Malice of a grateless Age.

How lost in sweet Surprise, the World admir'd;
When all the *Woman* to a Saint aspir'd ;
What Time *Religion's* purer Flame out-shone
The dazzling Splendours of a *German Throne* !
Charm'd with the Prospect of *thy* future Isle,
Silent she bad *thee* every Wish beguile ;
Sees BRITAIN'S *Crown* thy softer Power employ,
The glittering Earnest of immortal Joy !

STILL then the Promise of our Hopes maintain ;
Still dawn fresh Wonders for a future Reign ;
And lo! advancing to maturer Years,
GREAT FREDERICK, Image of his SIRE,
appears!

* The *Royal Bounty*, sent to *Milton's* Daughter.

Paternal Virtues all his Soul engage;
And blooming Youth divines a fruitful Age!

So, on the yellowing Orange-Tree, appear,
The flowery Tokens of a golden Year;
Fair, o'er the falling Fruits, new Beauties rise,
And all the sweet Succession never dies.





P O E M S
A N D
T R A N S L A T I O N S :

Wrote by Mr. P A T T I S O N,

When at Appleby - School ;

Which were in the Custody of a Friend at *Tork*,
and, now by him, communicated to the Editor.





P O E M S

A N D

T R A N S L A T I O N S :

Written by Mr. P. A. T. T. S. O. N.

With an Appendix - 2, 1800.

Which were in the Collection of a friend at York
and now by him communicated to the Editor.



*A Pastoral.*

T WAS when the pearly Wings of Rosy Light,
Had chac'd the melancholy Shades of Night ;
Each blushing Shrub' with glitt'ring Diamonds gleam'd,
Each Field a Firmament of Spangles seem'd.
Refreshing Breezes wav'd the verdant Woods,
And fann'd the panting Bosom of the Floods :
Each Swain arose refresh'd with downy Sleep,
And pipe'd, and whistled to his frisking Sheep.

BUT sad *Sireno* no Delights could move,
Wild were his Thoughts with late neglected Love.
For him each Virgin sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,
Whilst lovely *Laura* show'd unjust Disdain.
On ev'ry neighb'ring Tree he carv'd her Name,
And with the living Letters grew his Flame.

To her the Firstlings of his Flock he brought,
For her the earliest Greens and Flowers he sought.
But all in vain—the lovely cruel Fair
 sunrelenting as his barren Care.
No downy Slumbers lull'd his Soul to rest,
Sleep fled his Eyes, as Quiet did his Breast :
If some faint Slumber o'er his Temples crept,
Yet wakeful Love eternal Vigils kept.
In fancy'd Dreams he'd catch the lovely Maid,
But waking, curse the visionary Shade.





A

*Paraphrastical Translation of the third
Ode of the second Book of Horace.*

TO a LADY.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis, &c.

I.

LET not the Turns of Fate molest
The sacred Quiet of your Breast;
Tho' the black Storm hang hov'ring o'er your Head;
Your Soul serene its Fury need not dread;
Let Fortune guide your destin'd State,
Yielding to Fortune, we subdue our Fate:
But when the fickle *Siren* smiles,
Trust not too far her treach'rous Wiles;

Nor

Not let the flowing Joy,
As it repays your Ill, your Calm annoy:
Catch not with greedy Hopes the fleeting Shade;
Black Storms will soon the visionary Scene invade;
Like the alternate Shades of Day and Night,
The particolour'd Thread of Life is black and white,

II.

BE our Lot good, or be it ill,
It makes no Measure for the fatal Wheel;
Should we spin out a wretched Life
In Cares and melancholy Grief,
'Twere but in vain to beg of Fate,
One fleeting Hour, to recompence our wretched State:
Or should we in some pleasant Grove refine
Our fading Life with sparkling Wine,
'Tis Fate's to measure Time, 'tis ours to live,
Nor can e'en *Fate* and *Jove* the past retrieve.

III.

III.

Since Fate is still the same,
 Then let us in some pleasant Grove,
 Lull'd with the Murmurs of the purling Stream,
 Banish all Cares and doubtful Life improve ;
 We'll quaff the sprightly Wine,
 While Beauty fires the Eyes, and Fancy fills the Vein;
 With Sweets anoint your flowing Hair,
 And let it float and wanton in the Air,
 Loose, and neglected as your Care.
 Let the sweetest Flowers be brought,
 Let the Rosy Wreath be wrought ;
 Let the short-liv'd Chaplet be
 A Type of frail Mortality,
 T' admonish us to catch the *Golden Now* ;
 While Youth and blooming Beauty bless at once the
 Brow.

Thus will we live and flourish while we may,
 Thus will we live and say ;
 " To-morrow Life is Fate's, 'tis ours to-day.

IV.

IV.

Be quick, be quick, we cannot live too fast,

This pleasing Rapture cannot last,

An Age already's idly past!

Lo! rapid Hours roll round apace,

Now, now, unseen they swiftly steal the race :

'Tis past, 'tis past,— and now I see

The ghastly Head of bald Eternity!

Grim Death brings up the Rear,

In all the frightful Forms that Mortals fear :

Now must we leave this transitory Stage,

And mourn in vain an ill-spent Age!

Our sweet Delights, our smiling Hours,

Mossy Mountains,

Murmuring Fountains,

Shady Grottoes, rosy Bowers,

Alas no more are ours!

Of all our large Possessions Fate will but allow,

At most a mournful Cypress Bough.

Perhaps

Perhaps your Heir
Will shed a counterfeiting Tear,
A Tear but for the sake of your Estate,
Which he must, with himself, too soon resign to
Fate.

V.

Our Fates are mingled in one common Urn,
Which soon or late must take their turn :
The Great, the Poor, the Low, the High,
Confus'dly blended lie ;
The Weak, the Strong, the Base, the Brave,
Which here so different seem, are equal in the
Grave ;
Nor can we in the Dust distinction see :
And such as *Hellen* is, *Belinda* must thou be.

VI.

In vain the Hero toils, to shew his Worth,
And from a Stem of Gods derives his Birth ;

In

In fighting Fields he turns the Scale of Fate,
 While Tyrants bow, and Kings around him wait ;
 Yet at pale Death's approach, this godlike Brave
 Trembles amidst his Pomp, and shudders like his
 meanest Slave !

Ah whither is his Strength and Courage flown,
 That made the subject World his own !

How Tyrants trembled at his Nod,

Alas where is the God !

Where is his Pride, his Pomp, his Pageantry,
 Which brib'd and conquer'd all——except the
 Destiny,

That whirls them in the Gulf of black Eternity.

Now in some gloomy Abbey is he laid,

Dismal and silent as the mould'ring Dead,

Who could the World with one small Nod com-
 mand,

Has nothing but a scanty Spot of Land.

Perhaps a Monument they raise,

Which for a-while records his Praise :

Where they inscribe his awful Name,
 And all the fleeting Charities of Fame.
 But then some Briar, or destroying Root,
 Will eat its way, and thro' the Marble shoot—
 The Tomb defac'd ! this great, this god-like King,
 Is a Romantic Tale, and a forgotten Thing.

1722. *Æt.* 15.



*Upon Belinda, who, gathering
 a Rose, prick'd her Finger.*

WHEN you, bright Nymph, design'd to crop
 a Rose,
 To kiss your sweeter Hand, the Buds arose:
 Your heedless Hand a pointed Prickle prest,
 Stung with the Wound, you sunk into my Breast.
 If so small Wounds can cause so great a Smart,
 Think, O *Belinda*, on my bleeding Heart !





The Conquest.

OF T had I read of *Cupid's* Arms,
His matchless Power, resistless Charms,
How he defy'd *Jove's* thund'ring Hand,
Tho' loaded with the flaming Brand ;
These Wonders put me to a stand.

But when I found this mighty God a Boy,
Naked, defenceless, blind, his Arms a Toy ;
I laugh'd to think the Gods were foil'd
By a little silly Child :
When *Rosalinda* strait came by,
Keen roguish Lightning arm'd her Eye,
Pity, fair Nymph, I faint, I die——
No more I'll wonder at this Infant's Art,
When your bright Eyes direct and head the Dart.





O N

CONTENTMENT.

CONTENT, thou only Solace of the Mind,
Whom all pretend to seek, but none can find;
Tell me, O Goddess, in what foreign Seat,
Or Realm unknown remains your blest Retreat;
Where I may lull my raging Thoughts to rest,
And calm the Tempest rising in my Breast :
Say, shall I to the splendid Court repair,
And make the proudest Thoughts my darling Care ;
Swell high my Soul—and now I am a God—
Bow scepter'd Slaves, obey your Sov'reign's Nod—
Content, I'll make you leave your humble Seat,
You cannot, dare not scorn me now I'm great.

THUS rav'd a Fool, when lo ! stupendous Sight !
A Nymph appear'd array'd in mantling Light ;
Bright was her Aspect, yet serenely mild,
While thus she spoke, and as she spoke she smil'd.

FORBEAR, vain Man, to seek *Contentment* here,
Vain are your Hopes, and barren is your Care :
Believe no Fortune can so high aspire,
But proud, ambitious Thoughts are always higher ;
What tho' you reign proud Tyrant of the *East*,
Yet Care, a greater Tyrant, rules your Breast ;
You, with a Nod, the suppliant World command,
Yet cannot rule that little Empire, Man.
Hope not in Wealth to find *Contentment* here,
“ For he that gathers Riches, gathers Care.
Then curb this curst Ambition—dare be Poor,
And find a richer in a poorer Store.
Go, vain mistaken Man, if you would find
That golden Ore, *Contentment* of the Mind,

Depart

Depart from all these busy Ills of Life
And live exempt from Pride, and Noise and Strife;
From all the griping Bonds of Usury,
From all the wicked Ills of Money free,
Too low for Envy, for Contempt too high.

SHE said—and vanish'd in a Flood of Light;
Unto her blest Abodes, and left my Sight.





*A Divine Poem. Selected from
the 18th, and 91st Psalms.*

TO God, my Muse, address your loftiest Song,
To God your Voice, your Lyre, your Lays
belong;

Awake his Actions in each heavenly Line,
Great as his Goodness, as his Hand divine :
But first, O Lord, my trembling Breast inspire,
And fill my panting Soul with sacred Fire ;
So shall my Lays to blooming Honours rise,
For what Heaven dictates, Time nor Age destroys.

As the coelestial Eagle stoops his Wings.
While the small Wren upon his Pinions springs,

Strait

Strait with a Bound he cuts his tow'ring Flight,
Thro' floating Air, and Groves of living Light;
The Wren with wonder views the Milky Way,
And the bright Mansions of eternal Day;
Wonders he does in Realms of Light unknown,
Buoy'd up with rapid Pinions, not his own.

So they who trust in God's Omnipotence,
Find a safe Succour, and a sure Defence;
Not all the Fears that guilty Mortals know,
Can in their Souls create the smallest Woe;
Sweet are their Thoughts, as sweetest Slumbers are,
Calm as mild Evenings, as the Morning fair;
No guilty Conscience breaks their sacred Rest,
No foul Chimæras hover o'er their Breast,
No dismal Visions dare invade their Head,
Or pallid Phantoms stalk around their Bed:
With springing Light no carking Cares are born,
To cloud the pearly Beauty of the Morn;

Not loudest Storms that roar from Pole to Pole,
Can raise a Tempest in their settled Soul :
Should pois'nous Pestilence infest the Sky,
Angels would turn each tainted Arrow by,
Spirits unseen would guard their sacred Rest,
Play o'er their Head, and hover o'er their Breast,
Should hissing Serpents on vast Volumes ride,
And singe whole Forests with their spiral Pride ;
Pleas'd with Delight, they'd stroke the living Fire,
The flaming Crest, and speckled Pride admire,
Should roaring Lions' Thunder shake the Ground,
To them 'twould seem the Cittern's Silver Sound ;
They hear the brazen Throat of War to roar,
They hear—but like soft Music on the Shore.

THO' Floods of Foes my Soul serene surround,
My God shall all their impious Rage confound ;
In God alone I find a sure Defence ;
With God who dare dispute Omnipotence?

Witness the Day——Behold the Scene appears,
A Grove of Lances, and a Wood of Spears,
A gloomy Tempest threatens from afar
Quick Fate, and flourishes an iron War :
From azure Armour livid Lightnings play,
And gild the Tempest with a momentary Day——
O Lord—my God, the Floods my Soul surround,
And num'rous Deaths appear in num'rous Forms
around.

O calm this Tempest with a single Nod,
Thou canst, O Lord—I know thou canst, O God—
Now say, my Muse, what Power disarm'd the Blow,
And rais'd me from the deepest Depths of Woe ? }
'Twas God—for God alone such Miracles can do. }
Can you then cease his Goodness to adore !
To Love, what can be less ! and yet he asks no more.

BUT lo ! behold dark Horror sits around,
A sudden Earthquake rocks th' astonish'd Ground.

Behold that late insulting Troop appear,
All pale and shivering with a panic Fear,
Confusion leads the Van, and Death brings up the
Rear.

Half dead, for Shelter some to Rocks repair,
In vain—the Rocks confess an equal Fear.
Lo! Rivers plunge into their deepest Beds,
And tott'ring Mountains bow their aged Heads,
From their Foundations rugged Rocks are torn,
And in black Whirlwinds thro' the Clouds are borne,
From hollow Caverns, hoarse deep Murmurs roar,
And drive the trembling Billows to the Shoar ;
From Pole to Pole tremendous Storms resound,
Loud Thunders split the Heavens, loud Earthquakes
rock the Ground.

But now a Scene insufferably bright,
O'erwhelms this Tempest with a Stream of Light—
Unfolding Realms of Day the Terror raise,
All Nature trembles, and the Heavens blaze—

But

But lo! the God — his dreadful Form behold,
In flaming Glory, and in fluid Gold!
Congealing Darkness, with a Night of Clouds,
His awful Majesty in Tempests shrouds;
A Storm of pointed Thunder arms the God,
A Seraph wing'd with Whirlwinds bears the dreadful
Load;
Forth from his Nostrils Sheets of Flame expire,
He breathes a Tempest in a Flood of Fire;
With dread Divinity the Heavens bow,
The rolling Thunders fly, and Fate is in the Blow.





*Part of the 38th and 39th Chap-
ters of Job,*

Paraphras'd in Blank Verse.

BUT now the Lord ineffable and bright,
Shot thro' the Regions of eternal Day;
Swift as the Lightnings that his Vengeance throws,
Buoy'd up with Whirlwinds, on a Cherub's Wings,
He rode; all Nature trembled at her Lord,
And quiv'ring Mountains bow'd their aged Heads;
Whilst in a Storm of Thunders thus he spoke.

PRESUMPTUOUS Man that dar'st upbraid thy God,
Shew the Omnipotence of which thou boasts;

Awake

Awake thy Wisdom's Eye, with which thou dar'st
Eclipse thy God's, and dive into his Secrets,
Collect thy self, and let us try our Godheads.

WAST thou a Being when no Being was,
When Night and Darkness brooded o'er the Chaos,
In endless Anarchy and wild Disorder?
Didst thou from Nothing form this mighty Globe,
On nothing hung, but pois'd in fluid Air
Immoveable? or can thy dreaded Word
Dissolve again its brittle Form to Nothing?
Come shew some Miracle of Power and Wisdom,
And make thy wonderful Creator wise.

IF since, thou hast attain'd this Power and Know-
ledge,
Who canst thou boast the Tutor of thy Godhead—
Thy self? exert thy Power upon thy self—
Whence came those dire Afflictions that oppress thee?
Dost thou afflict thy self? or canst thou cleanse
Thy self from all those pestilential Pains?

Since

Since from thy self thou canst not boast this Power,
From whence can it proceed but from thy God?
Thy God, above all Power, all Light, all Knowledge!

FOND Man, who know'st not how, or whence
thou art,

Curb this distemper'd Weakness of thy Brain:
How canst thou mimic God, and challenge Nature,
Who hast not the least Power o'er thy self!
Say, can thy Thunder shake the solid Earth?
Or can thy Voice, like mine, affright all Nature?
Canst thou, like me, on winged Whirlwinds ride
Thro' all the boundless Realms of endless Day?
Dost thou shew bloody Comets in the Air,
That shake Destruction from their flaming Tresses?
Or hast thou seen the silent Seats of Death,
Where Famine, War, and Plagues, and Pestilence
Attend my Nod? Grim Ministers of Fate:
Hast thou beheld the Chambers of the Deep,
Where

Where Ocean rises from his Coral Bed,
Huge Marine Monsters gambol o'er the Ooze;
Or hunt among the Waves their panting Prey.
Say, didst thou form the great *Leviathan*,
That seems a living Island, when he moves,
He boils the Sea, and spouts it in a Tide.

WHEN rosy Morning gilds the gladfom Sky,
Dost thou with liquid Diamonds sow the East?
Guard'st thou the Sun o'er the coelestial Plain,
Thro' his nocturnal, and diurnal Course?
Because he travels round the spacious Globe;
Will he obsequious bear thy dread Behests;
Can'st thou with deeper Roses paint the Welkin,
And draw the sable Curtain of the West?
Hush ev'ry Wind that curls the glassy Ocean,
And ev'ry Breeze that waves the drowsy Grove?
Can'st thou on all bestow soft balmy Slumbers,
And cannot give thy self that wish'd-for Sleep?

Dost

Dost thou ordain the pale-fac'd waning Moon
To guide the Night, and fill the Stars with Flame?
To swell the Tide, or press the faint Reflux;
White spongy Clouds imbibe the lazy Vapours,
And brew a Tempest on the hoary Main?
At thy Command do roaring Channels rise,
Sweep away Plains, and thunder thro' the Woods?
Or can'st thou candy up a Silver Tempest,
To cloath the naked Year with Silver Snow?
Or treasure up thy stony Magazines,
Then pour the fatt'ning War upon the Ground?
Dost thou unlock the Bosom of the Spring,
When blust'ring *Flora* languishingly courts
Young vernal *Zephyr* with soft Blandishments?
At thy Command does *Autumn* crown the Year
With golden Pride and hoary Majesty?
Do all the Seasons their fix'd Stations keep,
And dance in mystic Order to thy Word?
Say, dost thou paint the Peacock's gaudy Plumes
With streaming Azure, and with waving Gold;

Here blushing Purples flow in fading Greens,
But waving vanish in a golden Breeze :
With what majestic Air he stalks along,
Struts in his Gait, and spreads his painted Pride ?

COULD then thy Hand create the brinded Lion,
That makes thee tremble at his very Voice ?
Or wilt thou make him (seeing he is strong)
To bear thy Burdens, and to be thy Slave ?
Dost thou direct the rapid Eagle's Wings
To sail thro' fluid Fields of floating Air,
There with his Beak to souse upon his Prey ?
Or darting from a Cloud to truss a Serpent,
Aloft again he towers his Flight, in vain
The hissing Captive whisks his scaly Tail.

Dost thou the Courser's rapid Force maintain,
With Thunder arm his Neck, his Feet with Lightning ?
When from afar he hears the Din of Arms,
He list'ning stands, he stamps, he pricks his Ears :

If

If stronger Echoes bear the flying Noise,
Confus'd with clatt'ring and with rattling Shields,
He shoots his Neck to catch the noisy War,
And drowns the Thunder with his louder Voice ;
But if he see the flashing Storm aloof,
The fighting Captains, and the flaming War
He dims the dazzling Splendours of bright Arms,
With more incessant Light'ning from his Eye ;
He fires, he foams, nor hears the Rider's Voice ;
But leaves his Eye behind the rolling Plain,
And bears him in a Tempest on the Foe.





A N

E L E G Y:

*To the Memory of a FRIEND,
begun in his Sickness.*

YET, yet, He lives—O yet kind Heavens spare
The dear lamented Object of my Prayer !
Vain Hope, vain Wish—else why fresh Sorrows rise,
Spring from my Soul, and overflow my Eyes.
What chilling Anguish freezes ev'ry Part,
Sure tis my Friend just dying from my Heart :
Griefs big with Griefs, and Pangs on Pangs deplore
My dearest Friend, perhaps my Friend no more.
Ill-boding Thought——

VOL. II.

P

Hah !

Hah! from whence streams that melancholy Gloom;
Whence groan'd that Echo, from some hollow Tomb
'Tis sure the Call of Death! my Soul attend;
Lo! hark! I know the Voice, it cries, my Friend;
How pale it looks— but see the Vision o'er,
'Tis he— what *Roche*! I knew that Form before.
It must be so— Yet whence this guilty Fear!
Why freeze my Nerves, why bristles ev'ry Hair?
Did we thus meet! ah ever friendly stay,
What do I wish— alas I faint away.
Whence rose my Fears! the fictitious Vision's flown,
Yet sure, too sure I hear some mournful Groan.
Those baleful Eughs that o'er the Window wave,
Could their deep Murmurs thus my Sense deceive!
Those Mid-night Beams, that pale yon Moon-light
Wall;
Could they the Image of my Friend recall?
Could these Delusions thus disturb my Breast,
Startle my Soul, and burst the Bands of Rest?

Ah

Ah no! those Objects innocent appear,
Nor shock my Sight, nor terrify my Ear.
But hark! the horary-refounding Bower,
Doleful, proclaims the lonesome Mid-night Hour.
Now Sleep with downy Wings broods o'er the
Ground,
While Death wide-stalking shapes his Nightly Round;
With Sleep's black Pinions, plumes his Ebon Dart,
And dismally beguiles the Slumberer's Heart.
Ah me! my Friend, my sickly Friend arise,
Death, Death lies ambush'd in the soft Disguise.

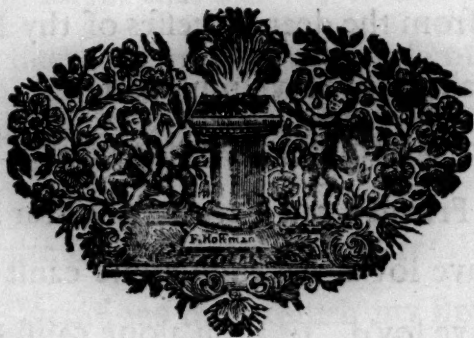
TORN from the dear Recesses of thy Heart,
For ever! ah for ever we must part.
Nay, cease to tremble, stop that falling Tear,
'Tis I, my Friend; can I create thy Fear?
How we have lov'd, 'tis thou alone canst tell;
How we have lov'd, 'tis thou alone canst feel.
Yet would I sooth thy doubt-revolving Soul,
But Heaven forbids, and angry Tales controul.

Nor can Discourse as once beguile the Hours,
They're past—my Wish is all—I come, ye Powers.

O ever-honour'd! long-lamented Friend,
And is it thus our promis'd Joys must end?

* * * * *

N. B. Mr. ROCHE recovered, and the Public are obliged to Him for
some fine Pieces hereunto annexed.





T O

L A U R A.

IN vain my *Laura* you conceal that Name,
When every Verse betrays you into Fame.
Raptur'd I read, and as I read, I see
Virtue can only be describ'd by Thee.
Drest in thy Verse, how beautiful she shines,
Charms in thy Thought, and by thy Soul refines.
So drawn thro' tuneful Instruments, the Air
In Music warbles, and expels Despair.
Again, fair Nymph thy Power of Numbers try,
And sweeten Sorrow into Harmony.

So oft when touch'd with Sickness I repair
To draw from fragrant Fields a purer Air :

P 3

Nature

Nature still strives t' amuse my Mind in vain,
'Till Birds wide-warbling melodize the Plain,
The sprightly Notes each Sense of Pain controul,
And sudden Health revives my fainting Soul.
Sooth'd, there I stand, and sweetly lost around,
Hear of my Pains, and healthen from the Sound.

With Virtue's Charms, my fair Physician prove,
And kindly make me such, as you could Love.





An IDYLLIUM.

FA ST by those Banks, where aged *Eden** glides,
 And Trees embow'ring paint his azure Sides,
 Young *Florio* sat ; his Lyre the Muses strung,
 And to the Streams attun'd the rising Song.
 The Birds enchanted, as the Poet play'd,
 Perch'd o'er his Head, and peopled all the Shade.
 When, lo ! descending to the Vocal Grove,
 Approach'd the Parent, and the Power of Love :
 Quick at his Sight, the Flowers fresh Sweets exhale,
 And softer Murmurs dy'd in ev'ry Gale.
 While thus the God-head spoke, " Say, Shepherd,
 " say,
 " Still shall thy stubborn Soul disdain my Sway ?

* A River, so called, which encompasses the Town of *Appleby*, in *Westmorland*.

“ Still shalt thou brave my All-subduing Dart,
“ Nor one sure Arrow pierce thy lawless Heart ?
“ Have I for this subdu’d fam’d Chiefs of Old,
“ Soften’d the Fierce, and Womaniz’d the Bold ?
“ Shall humbled Monarchs own my mighty Reign,
“ And thou, a Boy, the Victor-God disdain ?
To hide his Thoughts, in Silence, *Florio* strove,
Yet even Silence is a Speech in Love :
He watch’d th’ unguarded Passage to his Heart,
And unawares deep lodg’d th’ envenom’d Dart.





Description of a Shepherd.

PIPING he fate, as merry as his Look,
 And by him lay his Bottle and his Crook ;
 His Buskins edg'd with Silver were, of Silk,
 And sheath'd a Leg more white than Morning Milk.
 Those Buskins he had got, and brought away,
 For dancing best upon the Revel Day.



The Dissenter.

NON-CON at *Satan* in the Pulpit rails,
 And musters up a Pack of dev'lish Tales :
 How by *Old Nick*, *Eve* was at first betray'd,
Uriah's Wife by *David* backwards laid :
 But never tells *who* makes him *kiss* his *Maid*.





Amoret *and* Florimello.

A

Pastoral S O N G.

I.

U N D E R N E A T H a mossy Mountain,
Close beside a falling Fountain,
Charming *Amoret* was laid ;
Wanton *Zephyrs* whisper'd Kisses,
Toying with her flowing Tresses,
When the sighing Virgin said :

II.

Must I then for-ever languish,
With this soft consuming Anguish,
O the sadly pleasing Pain !

Shame

Shame commands me to conceal it,
Love commands me to reveal it,
To my lovely *Shepherd-Swain*.

III.

O thou sweetly vocal Water,
Cease a harmless *Maid* to flatter ;
And convey these dying Sighs,
Thro' this Flow'r-enamell'd Valley,
To yon fair enchanting Alley,
Where asleep my *Lover* lies.

IV.

Florimello sweetly dreaming,
Amoret consenting seeming,
Wak'd, and curst the *jilting* Shade ;
Swift as Light'ning thro' the Bushes,
Half enrag'd the *Shepherd* rushes,
Finds, and clasps the *real Maid*.





To an old Lady who painted.

IN vain, poor Nymph, to win our youthful Hearts,
You purchase Charms, and practise all your Arts.
In former Times we heard our Fathers say,
Flavia was tender, easy, fair, and gay.
Thus may we love each Picture that we view,
For that contains as many Charms as you.

ONCE more employ this strange creating Art,
And nicely animate each fading Part :
Then keep a constant Eye upon your Glass,
And be the Picture of what once you was :
So shall you gain one half of your Desire,
For then, but not till then, we can admire.





Upon Zephyrinda's Singing.

WHEN *Zephyrinda's* softest Airs I hear,
She draws my Soul into my list'ning Ear;
Aghast I stand, unknowing where to praise,
Lost in a Maze of Joys ten thousand ways :
Sometimes I melt upon her Music's Sound,
And bless that charming Tongue that gives the
Wound;
Sometimes I sighing view those magic Eyes,
Where all that's good and all that's lovely lies.
Soft panting *Cupids* play around the Fair,
They laugh, they peep, they think their *Mother*
there.
But while the charming *Zephyrinda* sings,
They point their Darts, and wave their Silken Wings.

Floating on painted Streams they fly around,
Languish in Airs, and melt with pleasing Sound.

LIKE her sweet *Orpheus* sung his fleeting *Love*,
Like *Me* attentive stood the *list'ning Grove*.
But now no more let Poets *Orpheus* praise,
Or crown his hallow'd Lyre with greener Bays ;
To *Zephyrinda's* Airs and sweeter Song,
A fairer Fame, and loftier Lays belong ;
He only made the *Hellish-Shades* admire ;
Her Eyes and Music charm the *Heavenly-Choir* ;
And thus instructs the Soul to *sing* and *love*,
At once the *Business* and the *Bliss* above.





EPIGRAMS.

*Spoken Extempore to a Lady,
upon seeing her Shadow in the
Water.*

WHAT Art can prevail o'er this wonderful
Dame?

In Water she Burns, and she Freezes in Flame!



Upon a Lame Man newly married.

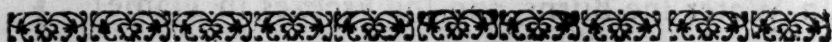
GEORGE LIMPUS is lame, yet has gotten a
Bride,

Since he's lame, he can't Walk— why then he may
Ride.



*Written with a Penknife on a
Tree.*

WHILST thus my Knife inscribes to Fame
Fair *Rosalanda's* Name;
Cupid with a keener Dart
Carves the Nymph upon my Heart.



*Upon a Lady's having been at
Naples.*

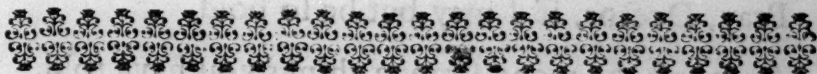
LIKE *Semele* should *Cælia* try her Charms,
Should *Jove* with equal Ardour fill her Arms;
Well might the Nymph revenge the blasted Dame,
And fire the *Thund'rer* with a fiercer Flame.





Wrote in a Lady's Pocket-Book.

AS on these fading Leaves I wrote my *Name*,
Belinda cry'd, her Heart could show the *same*:
 The *same* alas! in ev'ry Point I fear;
 Eras'd by the *next* Touch, as *this* is here.



*On a Drunkard's writing his Mistress's
 Name on a Drinking-Glass.*

WHILE Shallow-Brains scribbles his *Phillis's*
 Name,

In many a flourishing Letter;
 'Tis only that he may Remember the Dame,
 Lest he should grow drunk, and Forget her.

*The QUACK.*

QUERPO, surrounded by the rabble Rout,
Scatter'd his Packets, and his Jokes about;
When a poor Fellow, fillier than the rest,
Came cringing up, and thus the Quack address:
Pray, Doctor, if I may but be so bold,
Amongst the many strange things you have told,
Pray can you tell One how to cure a Scold?
For I, my Neighbours know't, have such a Wife!
That in plain Terms I'm weary of my Life.



*The MISER.*

OLD *Gripus* went to buy a Suit of Clothes,
(And to the cheapest Place each Body knows)
But thinking that the Merchant was too hard,
He fell confounded foul upon the Yard.
Is this your Measure, Sir! is this three Foot!
As I'm an Alderman, by G—— look to't.

He said: and waggish Pickthank thus replies,
(For all your Tradesmen are most monstrous wise)
That it is Measure, Sir, the Cloth I'll lay,
And we'll go try it yonder, o'er the way:
But let me tell you this before you go,
That, were't a Measure for your Conscience, tho'
Before such lumping Pen'worths should go down,
You'd swear't as long, as all the Yards in Town.



From HORACE.

*Auream quisquis Mediocritatem
Diligit —*

Turn'd and applied to CHLOE.

LET me not be too high, nor yet too low,
(Says *Horace*) that is, keep a just so, so.
Then think not that I'll humble to your Foot,
Or to your Head on strutting Tiptoe shoot:
But on your Middle all my Thoughts employ,
For there, I fancy, lies the solid Joy.





Upon a Lame, Latin Elegiac, Bard.

TOM Hobblestart in ELEGIACS writes,
 But in no other Poetry delights ;
 For *This*, indeed, he seems cut out by Fate,
 Witness his rueful Look, and shambling Gait.
 His *Face* inspires him with *Poetic-Woe*,
 And his *unequal Legs* the *Measure* show.



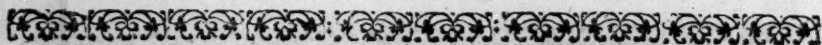
Speak Truth and Shame the Devil.

OLD Olivia wears a Mask,
 If any one the *Reason* ask,
 This, Answer plain, reveals it :
 Her *Face* of late's so ugly grown,
 She does not care to fright the Town,
 And so forsooth conceals *it*.



*Upon One who stiled himself a Great
Master of the Easy Poetry.*

TOM *Jingle's* Rivers *murmur* as they go,
But cold and weak as native Fountains flow;
That they should *murmur on*, I think it fit;
For who could *rest contented* with their Wit?



Another.

D*Aetyl* and *Squib* make VERSES as they Go,
I cannot wonder then they walk so Slow,





On CHLOE.

CHLOE's in every part Divine,
 CHLOE's the Goddess of her Sex :
 Who'd think that where such Beauties shine,
 The *Nymph* could ever *Swain* perplex ?



On the same.

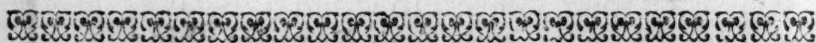
CHLOE the arrant'st Jilt alive,
 Intolerably vain,
 Boasting would make us all believe,
 What Men her Eyes have slain.

Poor Fool ! their Life they'll soon recover,

(Stale-Maidenhead replies,)

Ah could you but as well get over

The Wounds, they gave between your T——s.



Another.

CHLOE the Wonder of the latter Age,

Tho' antiquated does our Hearts engage ;

With such an Art affects the Wits and Beaus !

How like good Wine ? by Time she stronger grows.





On a Lady's Birth-Day.

THIS *Day* that gave *BELINDA* *Breath*,
 Has giv'n a thousand *Youths* their *Death*;
 Why then fond *Youths*, so wond'rous gay?
 Is this a fit rejoicing *Day*!
 As well might *Priam's* Subjects load
 The Altar of their *Guardian-God*;
 As well express untimely Joy,
 On the great *Birth-Day* of that Boy,
 Whom *Fate* design'd to fire *their* *Troy*.



TOAST.

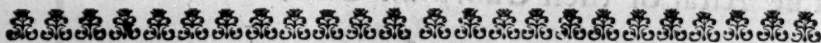
TO fair *BELINDA* crown the sparkling Bowl,
 And let full Bumpers brighten up the Soul;
 Yet these small Comforts to my Passion prove,
 I'd drink an everlasting Draught of Love.



Another.

YOU ask me the Nymph that delights me
the most,

Why — Sir, here's my Service, *Belinda's the Toast.*



*Upon the Lord Rochester's Poem on
Nothing.*

WHILST others toil to gain themselves a
Name,

Wilmot from NOTHING gains a greater Fame,

Strange ! can *such* Structures out of *Nothing* rise,

And with *such* wonderful Delight surprize !

Thus out of *Nothing* sprung this beauteous *World*,

By one *commanding Word* in Order hurl'd.



T O

C Æ L I A.

I.

I'M sure, my *Cælia*, that you'd smile,
Nay laugh to hear me say,
That when the Sun shines all the while,
I cannot see the Day.

II.

But 'twou'd be more absurd indeed,
If to discover your Disguise,
I should some borrow'd Lustre need
To light me to your Eyes.

III.

III.

Your dazling Eyes the Sun out-shine,

Like his their Darts are hurl'd ;

Like his their Office is divine,

To guide a brighter World.





*V E R S E S on the Death of
Mr. William Pattison.*

*Non nasci homini longe optimum est ; proximum
autem, quamprimum mori : Proh Dii immorta-
les, quam optabiliter iter illud incundum est,
quo confecto, nulla reliqua Cura, nulla Sollicitudo
futura sit ! Tull. Tusc. Quæst. 1.*

MOURN all ye Poets ! mourn ye Nymphs
and Swains !

He's gone, the Glory of Poetic-Plains !

From hence, ye purling Streams, move sadly flow ;

And with melodious Murmurs sooth my Woe :

Be hush'd, unless ye thus indulge my Grief,

For echo'd Sighs to Sighs may grant relief :

Yours

Your mimic Sorrow might divert my Pain,
 Or teach in easier Accents to complain :
 Fancy'd Companions might my Tears suppress ;
 For Fellow-suff'ers make Misfortunes less :
 From hence, ye Riv'lets, O ! forget to move,
 Ye Streams that in Meanders sweetly rove,
 Forget to murmur out a Strain of Love !
 Be stript, ye Groves, of all your gaudy Dress,
 And make your Habit suit with your Distress :
 Breathe soft, ye Winds ! ye whisp'ring Breezes tell
 How young he dy'd ! and how lamented fell !
 Fade all ye Laurels, shed your drooping Green ;
 And let a universal Grief be seen :
 Ye warbling Birds complain ; with me deplore,
 In moving Strains—He must return no more.

AND is he then for ever, ever gone ?
 So early must his Day of Life be done ?
 Must he so early moulder in the Tomb ?
 Must he so soon obey the gen'ral Doom ?

Must

MUST he the Fate of common Mortals find ?
Sure Wit was for a longer Date design'd.

MUST I, alas! in vain his Death deplore?
From hence to see my faithful Friend no more.
Ah! me, must I survive to weep his Fall,
And but in vain the happy Hours recall?
Those Hours I spent with him!—too soon they're past
But I'm resign'd;—they could not always last.

YES, I in vain must weep; in vain must mourn;
I'll go to him; but he shall ne'er return:
To him I'll go, when Fate shall thus decree,
But he may ne'er again return to me.

YET why do I the Hours in Sorrow spend?—
Is it to hear his Troubles have an End?—
Why do I mourn?—for sure my Friend shall know
No more such Suff'rings as he felt below:*

* See his LIFE prefixed to his *Poetical Works*. pag. 43.

No more my poor, unhappy Friend shall wait
 Th' extorted Presents of the Proud, and Great ;
 No more his gen'rous Soul shall grieve to find
 Extensive Fortunes, but a niggard Mind : —
 For O ! how few with equal Gifts repaid
 The rising Glories which his Muse display'd !
 Yet those more Gen'rous Few who freely lent
 (What others on more sumptuous Trifles spent)
 To Merit in Distress, shall surely find
 That Heaven rewards the charitable Mind :
 For glorious Charity shall be repaid,
 When all these worldly Vanities shall fade,
 When strutting Wealth and Pomp shall sink, in }
 Ruins laid.

T H E N re-assume thy Peace, my Soul, and say,
 'Tis well his Woes at length are pass'd away !
 'Tis well his Suff'rings and Misfortunes cease ;
 'Tis well he's gone ; for now he is at Peace !

* See EFFIGIES AUTHORIS. Vol. I. pag. 231.

Unhappy Youth! whom such Misfortunes lead
To claim thy Dwelling with the peaceful Dead!
The early Wrongs thy rigid Tutor gave,
Open'd thy Passage to an early Grave;
His cursed Pride essay'd to blast thy Name,
And bar thy Entrance at the Gates of Fame:
But all in vain; — for now He sees you fly,
With envious Leer, to Immortality:
And let him know; thy Friends shall still espouse,
With Pious Zeal, thy crying, injur'd Cause.*

HERE was the Spring whence thy Misfortunes flow,
From hence we trace Variety of Woe;
Till Sickneſs brought you to the Verge of Life;
Harras'd with Wants, and weary'd out with Strife:
What wonder then, if Destitute, Forlorn,
Stabb'd with Deſpair, you threw your Burthen down?

O may You find ſome happier Realms above,
For ever bleſt with ſmiling Peace and Love!

* Mr. BELL, his Tutor, ſurvived Him but three Months; dying *October*
the 30th, 1727.

Where stormy Passions never build their Sway!
 And ever-blooming Pleasures ne'er decay.
 O may you go those happy Scenes to prove,
 Where spotless Joys in endless Circles move!
 Where Envy never taints your sweet Repose,
 Nor cens'ring Tongues a venom'd Heart disclose:
 Where all is undisturb'd, serene, and fair;
 No Sorrow, no Disquiet enters there.
 Far, very far from thence are banish'd Cares,
 The Critick's Censure, and the Poet's Fears,
 The Sighs of Lovers, and the Mourner's Tears:
 Far thence remov'd is all that Mortals dread;
 The Death of Parents, and the Widow'd Bed;
 The Childless Father there forgets his Grief,
 And there the weeping Orphans find Relief.

THrice happy You, who these Misfortunes leave,
 By the blest Refuge of an early Grave!
 Thrice happy You, who quit these Cheats below,
 For the more lasting Bliss which Heavenly Joys bestow!

THERE

THERE shall You find all you could wish before ;
There shall You meet your Friends, to part no more :
There shall You learn, what few can here attain,
To bid adieu to all that's false and vain:
There rest secure from all the Storms of Fate,
And all the Pains that vex Life's brittle State ;
No more from hence to grieve, no more to mourn ;
'TWOULD be a Sin to wish thee to return.
Hence shall thy weary'd Soul forget its Care ;
And all thy Suff'rings find a Period here ;
Life and Misfortunes shall at once be o'er,
Till Death shall cease, and Time shall be no more.

LESS happy We, whom harder Fates ordain
To undergo a longer Share of Pain :
Still to continue in this fleeting Life,
Fill'd up with Misery all, and big with Strife.
Yet we resign'd must run our destin'd Race,
Be it a longer, or a shorter Space :

Then, as an Hireling glad to end his Day, *
We'll leave the World; nor ask a longer Stay,
Less happy they, who now thy Death bemoan,
Whose disappointed Hopes with Thee are gone :
Thy weeping Parents † (whose indulgent Cares
Are now dissolv'd and drown'd in briny Tears)
Far other Things might hope from such a Son,
Who early in the Paths of Fame had gone :
Whose noble Genius might have claim'd a Name
Known to Posterity, and known to Fame :
His sprightly Wit, with happiest Fancy grac'd,
Like Manna, seem'd design'd for ev'ry Taste :
His Muse with such sweet, easy Beauties mov'd,
We came, beheld, admir'd, approv'd, and lov'd ;
Improving Years, had ripen'd ev'ry Thought,
And budding Fancy to Perfection brought ;
But this, alas ! was not by Heaven design'd,
To him indulgent, tho' to us less kind :

* Job xiv. 6.

† He left behind him a most unnatural Father, Brother, and Sister.

For whom she loves, she soonest takes away,
And seals their Passage to the Realms of Day;
Whilst others less deserving stay behind,
To prove more Woes, and Pleasures less refin'd.

So earliest Blossoms soonest fall away;
And Flowers that fairest blow, most quick decay;
Whilst those that bloom less sweet, or rise more
late,
Survive the nipping Cold, and baffle Fate.

BUT now, dear *Pattison*, farewell! adieu!
I have perform'd the most a Friend can do:
This is the last sad Office I can pay;
Much I have said, and much more could I say:
More yet I'd weep, might it procure your Stay.
But 'tis in vain! 'tis now, alas! too late!
Vain are all Efforts against Death, and Fate:
The only Prudence here is to comply,
Resign'd to live, but more resign'd to die.

THEREFORE accept, dear Shade, this parting
Tear;

It comes from one you always found sincere;
From one, who soon perhaps may stand in need
Of what he now bestows upon the Dead;
Who soon himself may want that gen'rous Tear,
With which he now bedews your mournful Bier:
O! then may some kind Friend attend my Hearse,
And close the Scene with some instructive Verse;
Showing, 'tis happier oft to die, than live,
Better to leave the World, than to survive.

AND then (O! nearer Care!) may then in Heaven
My Peace be made, and all my Crimes forgiven!
My Pardon seal'd, and all my Woes be o'er!
From thence no more to die, to mourn no more.
May then my Failings all be wipe'd away,
And all my Darkness brighten into Day!

So blest'd, I'll gladly leave a World of Strife,
And think my Death more happy than my Life.



O D E

T O

MELANCHOLY.

By Mr. ROCHE of King's College.

HA I L Goddess of the lonely Fields and Groves;
 Gentle Concomitant of virtuous Loves :
 Delightful Offspring of the serious Thought,
 Wandring Idea, from Reflection caught :
 Chymical Extract of the verdant Wood,
 Soft Effluence of the Silver-streaming Flood !
 What shall I call thee ? but whate'er thou art,
 I own thy Power, I feel thy pleasing Smart.

IMPELL'D by thee the pensive Bard essays,
 (Tho' unrefin'd, and artless are his Lays)
 In mournful Elegy to sing thy Praise.

MARK the brown Horror of this Shade,
For Melancholy-Musing made!
Each Object here that meets the Sight,
Each feeble Noise that strikes the Ear,
Thrills thro' the Heart with calm Delight,
Chastis'd by reverential Fear.
Lofty Trees in Arches meeting,
Echoes hollow Blasts repeating,
Cliffs in crumbling Ruins bending,
Streams from distant Rocks descending,
Allay the Passions, heavenly Thoughts supply,
And charm each Sense with wild Variety.
Hide me, ye Gods, within this dark Retreat,
From pompous Troubles that infest the Great:
Secluded, in Oblivion let me lie,
Neglected live, and unregarded die.
In studious Leisure let my days be spent;
Wing'd with soft Peace, calm Quiet and Content;
In Silence let 'em urge their constant Flight,
Nor clogg'd with Grief, nor hurry'd by Delight.
While

While thus with solitary Steps I rove
 Thro' all the Lab'rinth of this mazy Grove,
 What various Scenes are in my Fancy wrought ;
 How am I lost, and swallow'd up in Thought !
 Till dusky Gloom involves the dark'ning Sky :
 'Till on the Ocean's utmost Brims
 The God of Light descending swims ;
 While every Cloud-reflected Ray,
 (Faint Remnants of a glorious Day)
 With gaudy Colours paves his Way ;
 And the Birds farewell Notes proclaim the Evening
 nigh.

O R I review some skilful Author's Lines,
 Where Nature in the Dress of Words still shines :
 Where Poetry the ravish'd Fancy leads
 Thro' fictitious Grotts, and visionary Meads :
 Where *Windsor's* Groves a chequer'd Scene display
 And part admit, and part exclude the Day :

Where

Where fair *Lodona* smoothly glides along,
Immortaliz'd in *Pope's* melodious Song.
Philips with manly Rapture fills the Mind;
In him, alone, we *Virgil's* Spirit find.
In each, the same judicious Ardour glows,
And nervous Elegance correctly flows.
Here Trees beneath their juicy Product bend,
There, thick as Hail, the purple Balls descend.
Blest *Herefordian* Plants, that could inspire,
The charming Poet with such Heavenly Fire!
The more we read, the more we still admire.
So, when from ev'ry Quarter of the Skies,
The twinkling Gems of Evening first arise,
They to the Glance of careless Eyes appear,
But thinly scatter'd o'er the Hemisphere;
But as we gaze; the Womb of Darkness teems
With num'rous Births of still increasing Beams;
'And whereso'er we fix our wond'ring Eyes,
From a tremendous Height new Suns surprize.

SEE!

SEE! the still Moon begins her silent Race ;
 White fleecy Vapours veil her Silver Face :
 Now sportive Elves their circling Dance prepare,
 And hov'ring Spectres skim on Fields of Air ;
 All join to form a complicated Scene
 Of pleasing Horrors ; terribly serene!

Hark! in wild enchanting Strains,

How gentle *Philomel* complains!

Sweet *Philomel*, the Bird of Love;

The harmless Syren of the Grove.

Cynthia slides on, attentive to the Sound;

The Streams in softer Murmurs flow ;

The ravish'd Winds forget to blow :

(Or now and then a breathing Breeze,

Whispers Applauses thro' the Trees)

Else Nature's hush'd to Silence all around.

So, when a chosen Voice in Heaven's bright Choir,

Amidst the Angels tunes his Golden Lyre,

And with inimitable Skill essays

To sing an Anthem in *Jehovah's* Praise :

Deep Silence spreads o'er all the Realms of Peace,
Their Acclamations and loud Concerts cease;
By just Degrees the melting Strains decay,
And in far distant Echoes die away.

HAIL! sacred Solitude: Thou faithful Guide
To blissful Shores, thro' Life's tumultuous Tide.
Transporting Earnest of immortal Joys,
Of Extacies, Fruition ne'er destroys.
Thy calm Delights the Godhead deign'd to prove;
When for our Sake (O unexampled Love!)
To die for us, He left his Throne above.
Oft, from the noisy Populace retir'd,
On Mountain-Tops his Prayers to Heaven aspir'd;
Oft o'er unhospitable Wilds He stray'd,
At rending Winds, and Thunder undismay'd:
The Lightning shone around his sacred Hair,
Like *Meteors*, with an inoffensive Glare:
In Adoration Winds their Voices raise,
And Thunder in rude Accents spoke his Praise.

Storms

Storms are but Ministers to work his Will,
And raging Seas his high Behests fulfil ;
He with a Word can make the Tempests cease,
And hush the furious Ocean into Peace.
“ Be still, ye Winds ; ye Surges cease to roar,
“ Nor foaming dash upon the Sandy Shore.
The Saviour spake—the Billows levell’d lie,
Prostrate adoring, Winds expiring die ;
As on a Marble Floor th’ Almighty trod ;
The Wave-repelling Rocks confess’d their God,
And bow’d submissive with a lowly Nod !





A

PARAPHRASE

ON

Some PASSAGES *in*
the Book of WISDOM,

CHAP. V. vii, viii.

By the SAME.

I.

CELESTIAL Wisdom, in a virtuous Soul,
Directs, and guards, and animates the Whole;
Dissuades from Vice, illuminates the Blind,
And guides the dubious Judgment of the Mind.

This

This Beam reflected from the Godhead's Light,
(Primæval Source, and Fountain ever-bright)
Clears and improves the Reason where it shines,
Calms the rude Passions, and the Thoughts refines.
So when the Sun his radiant Beams displays,
And gilds the smiling Ocean with his Rays,
The vast tremendous Surface of the Deep
Lies smoothly level, and the Tempests sleep :
Each Object in a perfect Light is seen,
The silver Fish glide thro' the liquid Green,
And all the fair Horizon is serene.

II.

SEE ! how the Sun flames in his ample Sphere,
Lightens the Globe, and carries on the Year.
View him, when first He darts his orient Ray,
What streaming Purple paves his Eastern Way !
Behold his Noon, insufferably bright !
When the fierce Heats to bow'ry Shades invite ;
Till cooler Evening ushers in the Night.

Behold

Behold the Moon, and all her num'rous Train;
 Then, tell me, Mortal, do they shine in vain?
 Think'st thou that all yon vast bespangled Sky
 Is but an empty gilded Pageantry,
 To please thy Pride, and entertain thine Eye?
 " As well might every simple Emmet say,
 " The lofty *Alps* were rais'd to pave his way.
 Cease then, O baffled Reason! to aspire,
 But silently contemplate, and admire.
 Where can this Universe begin or end?
 Where do its utmost Boundaries extend?
 How do all Orbs in Harmony combine;
 Various their Works, united their Design?
 'Tis wond'rous all, and worthy Hands Divine!

III.

THESE are the beauteous Proofs of Wisdom's
 Sway,
 Whom all the Universe is glad t'obey.
 From the dark Womb of uncreated Night,
 She call'd 'em forth, and fill'd their Orbs with Light.
 They

They move in Pomp, subservient to her Will,
 And in their Course her high Behests fulfil.
 At Her Command, each Star that gilds the Pole,
 May be a Sun, may see the Planets roll
 Around his Orb, Himself the Eye and Soul
 Of his respective Sphere : whose ample Earths,
 May swarm, with Animals, and teem with Births,
 Which *Adam's* num'rous Progeny ne'er knew,
 Strange to the Mind, and curious to the View.
 Yet all these Worlds at length must fade away,
 And an eternal Night succeed their Day.
 But Wisdom shines perpetual and serene ;
 No gloomy Cloud o'ercasts the daz'ling Scene :
 Crouds of veil'd Seraphims surround her Throne,
 Where still she reigns unrivall'd and alone,
 In mystic Presence of the great Three-One!

IV.

WE strive in vain our Impotence to hide,
 And cover Weakness with ill-grounded Pride.

The Sceptred Monarch, and the Captive Slave,
The Weak, the Mean, the Valiant, and the Brave,
Lose their Distinction in one common Grave :
As stately Ships o'er curling Billows sweep,
But make no Sign upon the closing Deep ;
As the most piercing Eye can never trace
The Mountain Lark's, or hov'ring Vulture's Race :
Or as from Bows the whizzing Arrows fly,
But leave no Tracks along the yielding Sky ;
So Life begun soon hastens to an End ;
Tempestuous Cares its fleeting March attend ;
Pleasure's soft Snares, and Wealth's resplendent Joys,
False glittering Bubbles, and delusive Toys ;
Mislead us wand'ring, with a treach'rous Smile,
And to some Precipice our Steps beguile :
There leave us plung'd in Guilt and deep Despair,
Till our frail Lives dissolve in common Air.
Thro' Vales of Tears our conscious Souls pursue
Some distant glimm'ring Hope——
But Clouds and Darkness terminate the View.

Impious Desires and Wishes all are vain,
Each trivial Joy, is dearly bought with Pain,
Of whose short Stay, no Footsteps must remain.

V.

THE Just alone are Heaven's peculiar Care,
Who serve th' Almighty, and his Laws revere,
(Homage not Service, Edicts not severe)
Jehovah's Throne is fix'd on Liberty,
His Subjects are emphatically free :
With wond'rous Love the Godhead overflows ;
Showers of rich Blessings on the Good bestows :
Directs their Steps thro' all the Paths of Life,
When Virtue oft maintains a doubtful Strife
With Sin's Allurements, his extended Arm
Kindly supports 'em, and averts the Harm.
And when at last Death claims his destin'd Prize,
And heavy Clouds oppress their languid Eyes ;
Victorious Palms, and Crowns of purest Gold,
Wait their Approach, Heaven's beauteous Gates un-
fold,

The busy Angels clap their joyful Wings,
Breathe the soft Flute, and strike the Vocal Stri-
Refresh their fainting Souls with Heavenly Strai-
And waft them gently to the blissful Plains.





O D E
O N
T I M E.

I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, saith the Lord. Apoc. i. 8.

I.

ALL hail! of Ages thou perpetual Source :
From forth whose fertile ever-teeming Womb,
Days, Months, and Years in order starting,
Afresh revolving, still departing ;
E'en from that Moment when the Sun,
His circling Journey first begun,
Down to this pointed Instant *Now*,
Took their foredoom'd irrevocable Course.

S 3

From

From Thee such inexhausted Wonders spring,
The ravish'd Poet knows not which to sing:
From Theme to Theme with secret Transport tost,
Imagination in Amazement's lost.

How shall He trace

Thy speedy boundless Race ;
Which ne'er began, nor e'er can cease to be,
But measures out the Flow of vast Eternity!

II.

TELL me, ye Muses, how ?

For you or none can tell ;

You last coæval with the mighty Sire,
Perish the Worlds ; increase the Muses Fire!

Say first what hidden Laws consign,
Precipitate the quick, retard the lagging pace
Of joyful, anxious Minutes to the Mind ?

Time abstrusest Things reveals,

Yet its mysterious Self conceals.

Superiour Influence still controuls,

And bounds the Motion of our Souls.

Thus

Thus vivid Streams of ever-flowing Light,
That dart spontaneous from the Sun,
Thought confounding, Sense subduing,
Fire the Fancy with pursuing;
Instant they strike upon the daz'led Sight,
We know not when their subtle Speed begun;
Our flow Ideas no Succession frame,
Too swift the Motion, and too bright the Flame!

III.

YET that all-glorious Deity,
To whom a thousand Years are as a Day
That floats unheeded by :
Before whose purest intellectual Sight,
And Chaos-piercing Ray,
Dim are those starry Lamps,
That glitter from Etherial Height,
And beautify the Sky ;
Counts their Progression, and remarks their Course,
Down to this Globe from their refulgent Source :

Sees how the nimble Pencils fly,
 Scatt'ring their blended Colours on the Flowers,
 And Verdure on the mossy Glade,
 Nor less observes with strict discerning Eye,
 How slowly by the figur'd Hours,
 Close creeps the streaking Shade.
 For Time's Account, there's nought too swift or slow,
 Of Orbs that whirl above, or Worms that crawl below.

IV.

LIFE's but a Point in round Eternity,
 A Speck of Land amidst a boundless Sea.
 The foaming Billows dash on ev'ry side,
 Disparted Ocean raves :
 Threat'ning to wither all its bloomy Pride,
 And whelm it underneath the Waves.
 Time checks their Force, and rules their Rage,
 Sometimes directing them to roll
 Impetuous, and sweep away the guilty Soul :

Now

Now by a kind, tho' hasty Doom,
 Summons the early Good ;
 Snatching their Virtues from a sinful Age :
 Now gently rears up from the yawning Tomb,
 And reconciles the Penitent to God.

V.

Who can recount the Changes that attend
 Time's ever-fleeting March ;
 The cold Neglect of a long-trusted Friend,
 Or mould'ring of a *Roman* Arch ?
 See'st thou yon silent Plain ! there *Ilium* stood,
 There *Priam's* crouded Court amidst that reverend
 Wood.

The gleby Soil by sharpen'd Plough-shares tore,
 Now waves with Corn, that swarm'd with Men be-
 fore.

But O ! my Muse recall the Time,
 When gay Creation in her wanton Prime
 Smooth'd out a level Plain :

Eternal

266 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Eternal Breezes fann'd the rising Flowers,
And Love and Innocence refresh'd their Noon-tide
Bowers:

But hateful Sin
Too soon crept in.

See! see! the roaring Deep,
O'erleaps his Bounds; what can resist his Sweep?
'Tis all a wat'ry Main. —

At length the gushing Tempests cease,
The sinking Waves insensibly decrease;
And the firm Continent appears again.

But hah! how alter'd is the Scene!
Where are the Groves that were for ever green?
How mournfully the dropping Trees appear!
No Birds with Harmony delight the Ear.

Unusual Objects fright the Eyes,
Mountains emerging, threat the Skies;
Here *Etna* flames, there *Appenines* arise.

VI.

WHILE Thoughts like these revolv'd within my
Mind,

(My pensive Head upon my Hand reclin'd)

Sudden a Slumber o'er my Eye-lids crept,

And Fancy form'd this Vision while I slept.

Methought a venerable Sire arose,

Such as our annual Hieroglyphick shows ;

Tall was his Stature, and compos'd his Mien :

His Eyes were awful; steady, mild, serene.

Behind, his slipp'ry Head was bare,

His Front was shaded with a Lock of Hair :

Down from his Chin depends a frosty Beard,

Yet Youthful Vigour in his Age appear'd :

One Arm extended, held that watchful Power,

Which pours adown the Sandy-streaming Hour ;

And on his crooked Scythe engrav'd,

The Wrath of *Peleus*' Son,

In Golden Characters distinctly shone.

His

His Form confess'd the God ycleped *Time*.

On me he fix'd a pitying Look,

And thus benevolently spoke ;

No longer, Youth, misuse me with thy Rhyme,

No more of Ink and Paper waste,

But take this short Advice—for I'm in haste :

Spend not thy precious Prime in idle Dreams,

Of cleft *Parnassus* and *Aonian* Streams ;

Hope not a Share of Immortality,

The Mountain's Heights are inaccessible to thee.

Canst thou like Courtly *Waller* charm the Fair ?

Or if that's not thy Care,

Read *Milton*, and of true Sublime despair.

What tho' with Transport when a stripling Boy,

Thou'st *Cowley* in thy Mother's Closet read,

And with the Muses Milk was't early fed ?

Had she been Wise, the Rod had drove thee thence,

Cur'd thee betimes, and whipt thee into Sense.

Rugged and arduous are the Paths to Fame,

And vain those Honours of an empty Name.

Now,

Now, if you'd thrive and eat, go, stoutly bawl
 For fatt'ning Fees in *Rufus'* antient Hall :
 Or learn the fly delusive Arts of Trade.
 But if the way to Happiness you'd find,
 Be this short Precept graven on your Mind ;
 Humble to others, to thy self be just,
 Revere the Soul, and think the Body Dust :
 Dare to be Wise, begin in Time. He said,
 Expanding wide his gradual Plumage spread,
 Then gave a monitory Glance, and fled.

*Invigilate viri, tacito nam Tempora gressu
 Diffugiunt, nulloque sono convertitur annus.* Juv.





Country Christening.

Done from the *Latin*, by Mr. GOODBARNE. ||

A Grand Procession, and a Babe I sing,
 Sacred to God, from holy *Jordan's* Spring:
 Thou, chaste *Diana*, hear the Bard descant
 The Child-Bed Labours, and the Midwife quaint;
 Thou, *Juno*, conscious of the teeming Cares,
 Approve the Songster, and assist his Prayers.

|| See the Original of this most ingenious Poem (Intituled, *Festum Lustrale, sive Baptizatio Rustica*) in the former Volume of Mr. *Pattison's* Poetical Works. pag. 241.

Now

Now twice five Suns repell'd the dewy Morn;
 With gilded Rays, since first the Child was born;
 When strait th'assembled Neighbours flock to see
 The Infant squawling on the Nurse's Knee,
 Here various Gossips different Arts employ,
 Some dress the Feast, while others dress the Boy;
 Anxious they hie, while to the Font they came,
 With Christian Water give the Babe a Name;
 Mean while the Farmer leaves his rural Care,
 And round his Fields unfinish'd Toils appear;
 Here half-plash'd Hedges sadly at a stand,
 Forlornly left, invite the Plasher's Hand;
 Now there, alas! uncertain Dikes are found,
 And *Roger's* Spade sticks idly in the Ground,
 While he in *Sunday's* Jacket gay appears,
 Amidst his Louts adjusts his matted Hairs,
 Nor less his *Peggy* joins her *Roger's* haste,
 With silken Girdle binds her taper Waist;
 Her slender Waist with the neat Bandage shone,
 Tho' from her Fingers woolly Toils have run;

Spruce

Spruce in each part her cleanly Garments set,
And on her Head erects her High-crown'd Hat ;
Her Locks with Barley-Flower half grown white,
With skill she strews, to please her *Roger's* sight.
Now for the Journey all the Guest provide,
Some walk the Plain, while some prepare to ride ;
The jaded Steeds with threefold Burdens tire,
And scarcely drag their Legs from out the Mire ;
The lusty Dames on Pillions plac'd behind,
O'ercharg'd with Fat now load the Palfrey kind :
Peggy's entrusted to her *Roger's* Care,
Whose folding Arms embrace his falling Dear ;
See how, o'erspent, her Colour comes and goes,
While *Roger's* Arms support his fainting Spouse,
With Joy to Mother Earth his Charge restores,
Then safe conducts her to the wish'd-for Doors :
Now enter'd every Guest the Child-bed Room,
Who *Lydia* kindly welcomes as they come,
With Compliments the Gossip Tribe harangues,
While o'er her whiter Breasts a Nightrail hangs,

Plac'd on a Cushion in her Elbow-Chair,
Sits painful, brooding o'er a Mother's Care :
The goodly Matrons on the Infant tend,
Its Wit they praise, and every Look commend ;
Some lull the Babe ; some hug ; some chat ; the rest
Play with its Mouth, and shake the Bantling's Fist ;
Look ! look ! says one ; Behold, another cries,
The Father's Nose ! See, see, a third replies,
'T has Granny's Cheeks, and Mother's n'own bright
Eyes.

THE Grandame then her long-kept Silence broke,
With Pleasure smil'd, and with a Cough she spoke ;
“ The Father thus (if I remember right)
“ Thus look'd and laugh'd with innocent Delight,
“ When dandled in his Nurse's Arms he smil'd,
“ He look'd the very Picture of this Child ;
“ O may'st thou grow thy Grandame's other Joy,
“ And than thy Sire more fertile Fields employ ;
“ O may'st thou live to combat on the Green,
“ Some few Years hence thou like thy Dad be seen.

“ O may’st thou wrestling sling each sturdy Swain,
“ And be a little Monarch of the Plain:
“ Then shalt thou wear the Hat thy Strength has won,
“ And shout thy Vict’ry, and the Prize thy own.
“ O may some *Phyllis* then thy Sweet-heart prove,
“ And kindle in thy Breast a glorious Love.
“ But if my Harvest yellows in my Fields,
“ And bounteous Nature large Increasement yields,
“ Will but thy Sire consent, thou ne’er shalt know
“ To goad the Steers, or guide the crooked Plough.
“ But thou, exalted to some high Degree,
“ Mayor of thy Town, believe me, thou shalt be:
“ Thou with thy Train of Aldermen shalt go,
“ Shalt gravely look, and walk in Triumph slow,
“ While City Maces thy Distinction show.

With one Consent the Gossips all approve,
The worthy Purpose, and the Grandame’s Love.
When *Mopsa* for sagacious Judgment known,
Ordains this Boy a Daughter of her own.

Of equal Parts, nor yet inferiour Age,
 And trust me, *Mopsa* is a Female Sage.
 At length the Matrons march, a goodly Band,
 Proud of her Burden, *Lucy* sweeps the Sand :
 Careful the Infant in her Arms she bears,
 And with a Mantle veils its tender Years.
 At Church arriv'd, with bended Joints they kneel,
 In holy Order, round the sacred Well :
 When from the Priest, baptismal Drops o'erspread
 The helpless Youngling's consecrated Head.
 These Rites perform'd divinely good, proclaim
 The Babe a Christian with its Father's Name.
 The Bantling cries ; the Matrons, from its Tears,
 Pronounce its Life, and prophesy its Years.

MEAN while at Home, confus'dly all prepare
 To deck the Mansion with a studious Care.
 Some rub the Dressers, others sweep the Hall,
 Brush the low Ceiling and the mouldy Wall ;

The Earthen Platters on the Cupboard gay,
In nicest Rank and Order they display :
With curious Sculpture does the Cupboard shine,
In good old Oak, the Workmanship Divine.
They spread the Linnen o'er the brighten'd Board,
A Napkin to each Trencher they afford.
Now *Spiders* mourn their nicest Webs destroy'd,
Which o'er the Window late extended wide,
For *Bridget's* Besom left no Nook untry'd.
They move the *Holy Bible* from its Place,
To dust the Window where the *Bible* was ;
And *Durfey's* Rhimes by hungry Vermin eat,
Are basely thrown beneath the Servants Feet.

NOR less confus'd the Cooks and Scullions haste,
To tempt the Gossips with a rich Repast.
Some stir the Flames and fiery Rage provoke,
While the Pot boiling, rises into Smoke :
Some spit the Beef, and others turn the Spit,
With ardent Haste they juggle as they meet :

Now

Now grievous Light offends the feather'd Throng,
The cooing *Pidgeon* moans her martyr'd Young,
Now various Fowls lament their bitter Fates,
While *Turkeys, Ducks, and Pheasants,* wail their
Mates.

Now o'er the Orchard moaps the *Hen* alone,
Her tender Brood, alas! destroy'd and gone.

HERE one with Garnish decks the noble Chear,
Another blends the *Raisin-Puddings* there.
Here one the stately Walls of Paste uprears,
Which others line with *Apples, Plumbs, and Pears.*
On the first Threshold *Robin* laid along,
Sharpens the Knives, and bellows out a Song.
When as the Labours of the Kitchen burn,
The hungry Gossips all from Church return:
The Feast prepar'd, all silently sit down,
Without a Word, for Grace indeed they'ad none;
Plac'd at the Head the Mistress of the Feast,
Prepares to carve, and help each bidden Guest:

To every one a Plate of Beef she sends,
In rank and order to her Home-spun Friends.
Thus round the Board, they feast, they chat, they
laugh,
And flowing Bumpers merrily they quaff;
In softest Ease and Wine their Cares they drown,
And lose a-while the Labours once their own.

Now 'gan the Rage of *Lucy's* Jeers to shine,
Born of her Brain, begot by Parent Wine;
Keenly the Sluggard Husbands she inveighs,
Who study Sleep, not propagate their Race;
With gibeing Satire flows her Serpent Tongue,
And spite of Years, her active Voice is young.

O! shameful Herd of lazy Louts, she says,
Within whose Hall no Son nor Daughter plays;
Whose childish Gewgaws ev'ry Ev'ning Charm
The weary Dad returning from his Farm;

Whose

Whose harmless Chat sweet Innocence affords,
And join their Kisses with their Father's Words.
But O! the Brutes and Sluggards as they are,
Pretend, forsooth, to loath the nuptial Care.
O! that our Laws some penal Pain would chuse,
To vex the sterile Husbands, who abuse
The Gifts of Nature, and neglect their Spouse.
Long live the Man, and peaceful rest his Bones,
Who counts his Years of Wedlock by his Sons!

THUS spoke the Dame, with Thirst and Rage o'er-
come,
Drinks, and withdraws into a private Room;
To hear the pregnant Labours of her Ire,
She becks the Female Synod to retire;
Whose fertile Reasons logically prove,
By many ways Necessity of Love.
She paints mysterious Wonders to the Life,
And to a fallow Field compares a Wife:

A fallow Wife, or fallow Field, what's worse?
 There's nought on Earth exceeds the Barren Curse.
 Let no unmarried Nymphs these Precepts hear,
 They're too immodest for a Virgin's Ear.
 To slander next her Neighbours she began,
 And cloaks her Meaning, with a *certain Man*,
 Not far from hence, whom ev'ry one must know,
 Believe me, Matrons, 'tis but even so.
 But what you hear, ne'er tell, for do ye see,
 I am not willing it should come from me.

MEANTIME, the Nurse disrobes her darling
 Young,

And in the Cradle lays the Child along:
 See the rare Fabrick modell'd into Art,
 With fairest Ofiers hemm'd in ev'ry Part;
 Whose top depending o'er the Infant's Head,
 To skreen from Dust, a shaded Umbrage spread:
 While Reeling-rocks the waving Fabrick press'd,
 Whose fickle Motion lulls the Babe to rest.

Now as the Bantling sends a piteous Cry,
The Nurse diverting tunes her Lullaby.
But Songs in vain attempt its hungry Rage,
Nor Songs, nor Music, can its Tears assuage:
From Bed she takes the Babe, unknown to Rest,
Offers it Food, and ministers the Breast.
When in her Mouth she qualifies its Food,
Allays the Heat, and makes Digestion good.
So pecks the Mother Bird the scatter'd Grain,
And hastens homeward loaded o'er the Plain;
Swift to her Callow-Young she wings her way,
Her Off'spring greedy swallow thus their Prey.

THE God-Sirs now salute the Gossip Dames,
And as they kiss, they kindle into Flames;
While future Love inglorious they design,
Heighten'd by Mirth, by Company, and Wine.
Now Night's Noon-Shade o'ertakes th' assembled
Guest,
And twinkling Stars invite the Louts to Rest;

When

When rising, all to take their leave prepare,
But *Corydon* fast seated in his Chair,
Ranging full Bottles by his jolly side,
Listless to part, resolving to abide;
But fearful lest his goodly Spouse should chide.
In gleeful Guise the Swains and Nymphs take leave,
While mutual Hearts and mutual Hands they weave;
One with his Staff directs his sober pace,
His trusty Steed another Lout conveys.
This Swain uxorious, leads his buxom Spouse,
And Arm in Arm the Hen-peck'd Cuckold goes.

THE Sire exulting bids his Friends farewell,
In next *December*, if I right can tell,
He says: Again in one revolving Year,
My fruitful *Lydia* will a Daughter bear.
When with the Year we will our Feast renew;
Neighbours farewell, only till then adieu!
The Matrons laughing, hear his jocund Tale,
And wish his Purse and Progeny ne'er fail.





VERSES wrote to a young Lady, upon her
returning his Letter unopen'd;

By Mr. B—.

LIKE these warm Lines which with my Passion
burn'd,

Imprison'd under Seal your Hands return'd;

I, your dejected Lover lie confin'd,

With your fair Image seal'd upon my Mind.

Whilst you behold with a regardless Eye,

In Bands, his Letter, and your Lover lie.

How might thy Hand! good Gods! how easily,
Have broke the Seal and set the Letter free;
And O! how might one tender Word of thine
Have sooth'd that Heart, which I could once call mine!
But ah! thou know'st thy conqu'ring Power too well,
One Instant saw thee,— and the next I fell.

IN

IN Bumpers once of full Felicity,
I drown'd my Cares, and ev'ry Thought was free;
But now I sigh the circling Glasses round,
And Cares arise where once those Cares were drown'd.
To Mirth abandon'd, and gay Pleasantry,
My anxious Soul for ever thinks on Thee;
Thy dear Idea ever fills my Eye,
For that I languish,— and for that I die.

THINK not fair Nymph, to happier Fortune born,
Thy Slave unworthy and below thy Scorn;
What tho' auspicious Stars have given thee birth,
Noble itself— but nobler by thy Worth;
Yet suffer one that loves so well, so true,
Next to his God, to make his Prayers to you:
And as for *Mercy* at your *Shrine* I sue,
Extend that *Mercy* which to *All* is due;
For what w're told the *Blessed* do above,
Is, that they're *merciful*, and that they *love*.





T H E
Last G U I N E A;
A
P O E M.

— — — — — *Heu! deficit alter*
Aureus, O simili frondescat Virga Metallo!
VIRG.

The THIRD EDITION Corrected.



THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE

THE



T O

Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*,

Master of the MINT

I N T H E

T O W E R.



O You, Sir, the Multiplier of
Currant Species, I send a Poem
 on the *last* GUINEA; for who
 can be so properly its *Patron*,
 in the best Sense of the *Word*, as He
 who presides over the Worth and Forms
 of *all* the legal *Guineas* in the Nation?
 I believe, I could have made a better
 Copy of Verses on a *Thousand*, and it is
 in your Power, if you please, to try
 the *Experiment* of my *Genius*, which I
 hope

hope will rise in Proportion to my *Golden Friends*. Tho' the *last GUINEA*, like the *dying SWAN*, may sing its own *Departure*, a little of your Assistance from the *Mint*, would perform much more, by turning an *Elegy* into a *Song of Triumph*. Then, Sir, you and I, shall not Part like the *Guinea*, with *Sighs* and *Tears*; for I assure you on my Side beforehand, I shall be glad to take my leave with a *Purse full* of such *Companions*.

As YOU, Sir, are a good Subject, my present Aim is to remind you, that as you send the *Royal FACE* abroad, to the Terror of the KING's *Enemies*, you would spare *some Copies* for the *Comfort* of his *Friends*, of which Number, I assure you is,

Your most devoted

humble Servant,

Script
Am. Mirab.

1720.

THE AUTHOR.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



HIS POEM, tho' written for private Amusement, had the good Fortune to fall into the Hands of some Gentlemen, who approving the Design, were pleased to give it some Correction, and persuade the Author to make it Publick. Having no Liberty of making use of their Names, his Ambition of an open Acknowledgment is stifled against his Inclination.

ALL the Author has to fear, is the Censure that may be passed on this Performance, as too near resembling the Subject

of Mr. PHILIPS's Splendid Shilling;* to which as he was an entire Stranger, so the Reader will observe, no Ornaments are borrowed from that delicate Original. The Similies perhaps may appear too thick sown; but that, it is hoped, increases the Surprise, and is no ill Argument of the Author's Invention.

IT has no Name before it, and had not appeared in Print from the good Opinion of the Writer, but that of better Judges; who being content to have their Names in the dark, the Poet desires the same Security from Envy and Censure.

* A neat Edition of Mr. Philips's Works (viz. 1. The Splendid Shilling. 2. Blenheim. 3. Cyder. 4. Ode ad Henricum Saint John Armig.) With Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Philips, by Dr. Sewel) is lately Printed by H. Curll in the Strand. (Price 2s. 6d.)





T H E

Last GUINEA.

POO*R Relict* of my once known *yellow Store*,
Must thou be *chang'd*, and I have *Gold* no
more ?

To earn *Thee*, oft I've exercis'd my Brain,
Small the Reward, but grateful was the Pain.
Thou hast reliev'd the Troubles of the Day,
And sooth'd my Soul, whilst I in Slumbers lay.
In Storms at Sea, and Journeys on the Land,
I had a Friend, whilst I could Thee command.
I've prov'd thy Guide, and thou my Honour's Guard,
And that we now should part, is wond'rous hard.

THY Mold's the 'Semblance of that blissful Time,
When want of Wealth was a reproachful Crime :
From Avarice its guilty Grandeur rose,
And still with Vice its gilded Value grows,
The wicked Magick of its fatal Charms,
Makes War of Peace, and Friendships rise in Arms.
Its dire Infection, like the tainting Itch,
Spreads round th' Ambition of becoming Rich.
Great is its Worth, but greater its Abuse,
Yet Men its Service with these Evils chuse.
To make it sacred, Princes in their Coin,
The Signs of Empire and their Image join :
For 'tis prophane on any worthless thing,
To prostitute the Arms and Figure of a King.

THOU art a CHARLES—He was a gen'rous Man,
But much he suffer'd e'er his Reign began.
May that to me a Change of Fate portend !
May Days of Want in Years of Plenty end !

The

The Image bears the Greatness of his Mind;
 It seems to smile and labour to be Kind.
 Wert thou a GEORGE, I'd spare *Thee* for his sake,
 And *Thee* the Guardian of my Fortune make;
 The Charms of GEORGE, fierce Poverty might tame,
 Since Wars and Tyrants own the peaceful Name.

HERE on this side you boast the Herald's Part,
 But that's no Cordial for a Poor Man's Heart.
 Here Lyons couch, and there a Lyon roars;
 Men rage in want, and are serene in Stores.
 The sternest Aspect shew'd the greatest Mind,
 When by these Symbols War was first design'd.
 There Lillies shew the fickle Pride of *France*,
 Melting away almost as they advance;
 No fading thing in Greatness can endure,
 Who's rich to-day, to-morrow may be poor.
 The Harp there bends its melancholy Strings,
 Ah! Music, Sadness to the Thoughtful brings.

A Crown its Honours on the whole conveys,
A Sceptre there its Majesty displays ;
The Sword defends it by an awful Force ;
A double Cross forbodes me something worse.
Vain is the Pomp that loads these gaudy Fields,
It doleful Omens, but no comfort yields.

You Guineas are good natur'd easy Folks,
Your Principle no Company provokes ;
You have no Conscience, tho' an human Shape,
Are singly dumb, but rattle in a Heap.
You come with Pleasure, and depart with Pain,
As Lovers meet, and take their leave again :
You rise and fall, as Humours take the Great,
Too true an Emblem of a Courtier's Fate ;
You court the Worthless, and neglect the Best,
As Fools are most by flatt'ring Knaves carest,
They keep you best who least can you employ,
As Eunuchs guard the Fair they can't enjoy,

When

When most secure, you frequently are stole,
 As Accidents our purpos'd Joys controul.
 Where'er you are, our whole Attention lies,
 As *Sylvia* is the Centre of all Eyes.
 Of every Virtue you supply the Place,
 Wit to the Mind, and Beauty to the Face.
 The Pope strange Wonders of his Keys may tell,
 But you command his Paradise of Hell.

THOU, in thy Time, hast many Circles run,
 Both Good and Ill, in thy Adventures done.
 Your Course of Life is like a Pilgrim State,
 But adds no Knowledge to thy thoughtless Pate:
 As 'Squires, who travel half the Globe around,
 Wise as before, on their Return are found.
 E'er thou wast mine, thou like a Statesman's Heart,
 Or veering Winds, couldst play a different Part,
 The Royal Subject, or the Rebel Act,
 Defend the Church, or propagate a Sect.

Oft did'st thou plead a righteous injur'd Cause,
 Oft falsely sworn, oft made pernicious Laws;
 For Parliament unfaithful Members chose,
 And, in Debate, for either Question rose;
 Too oft oppos'd the Measures of the Court,
 Then, shifting Sides, with Zeal hast voted for't;
 Oft in the Field for Liberty hast fought,
 And Posts and Honours for the Worthless bought.
 O! may thy last great Actions, when thou'rt gone,
 Make rich Amends and former Crimes atone!
 When thou art *chang'd*, exert for me thy Power,
 In Deeds, a Guinea ne'er essay'd before.
 The World you know, each old Acquaintance find,
 Search every Treasure, gather every Friend,
 Till shining bright with thousands in thy Train,
 Thou com'st triumphant to my Purse again.
 If Monarch like, you bring attendant Bands,
 Thy Praise shall echo from my busy Hands,
 And, when whole Heaps uncelebrated lie,
 You shall be sung in Verse that ne'er can die,

As

As when a Consul, Victor in the War,
Return'd to *Rome*, in a triumphal Car,
'Midst valiant Legions marching in Array,
And Captive Nations, to renown the Day,
The City hail'd him with deserv'd Applause,
Nor dy'd his Honours with the loud Huzzas;
For Arches rose to see the Hero pass,
And still he lives a Conqueror in Brass.

ALAS! this Lecture can't my Pains abate,
They still increase as I thy Power relate.
To keep thee safe I've fasted now till Noon,
Nor cool'd my Liver in the Heats of *June*.
Sure, of my Grief thou feel'st a Friendly share,
While thus I sigh, and on thy Colour stare.
E'en Rocks relent, as wand'ring Shepherds mourn,
And doleful Echoes their Complaints return.
Hard Steel it self, like Ice, dissolves away,
When in the Center of collected Day.

THY

THY Sympathy I see, thy Brightness fails,
And Dimness o'er thy Radiance now prevails.
'Tis thy Compassion hinders thee to melt,
Since Want, alas! would then too soon be felt.
Tho' in fine Artists seldom you delight,
And hate the Poets with a mortal Spite;
(An ancient Complaint! deduc'd from Time to Time,
By the worst Right, Hereditary Rhime.)
Yet now, as conscious of my anxious Pain,
Thou Pity tak'st, and gladly would'st remain,
As when a Sire is of nine Sons bereft,
The only One, his Age's Comfort, left,
In Death can feel a Parent's bitter Grief,
Prepar'd to die, would live for his Relief.

WHEN thou art gone, what shall become of me;
Where'er thou go'st Mankind take Care of thee;
And yet thou may'st from Hand to Hand be tost,
Or in some Miser's rusty Coffers lost,

Or

Or purchase Port, or be at *Ombre* play'd,
 Or bribe a Strumpet, or debauch a Maid,
 Be sent to *Paris*, and employ'd in Stocks,
 Buy Villains Pardon, or Gallants the Pox,
 Make Judges e'en with wholesome Laws dispense,
 And deem that Guilt, which they know Innocence.
 Were it thy hap in the *South-Sea* to swell,
 I might forget this sorrowful Farewel ;
 For there small Sums to mighty Treasures grow,
 As Rills uniting into Rivers flow ;
 Or as, when Men some distant Fame convey,
 The Tale improves, and lengthens with the Way.

DEAR *Deep* of Wealth, by whose attractive force,
 The Golden Streams direct their winding Course,
 And, gath'ring Water to supply the Main,
 The Vales and Mountains of their Moisture drain,
 Proud of their Treasure, musically glide,
 And lose the whole Collection in the Tide :

Till warm'd by Day, they rise in shining Clouds,
Then visit Mortals in descending Floods ;
And paying Hills and Dales the Debts they owe,
Their former Channel's narrow Banks o'erflow.

THE silent Main wakes by a gentle Breeze,
And high-blown Winds torment the lab'ring Seas ;
The Stocks serene so Whispers discompose,
And make them die mysterious as they rose.
If Rumours fly, imported from afar,
Of faithless Tyrants, or a rising War,
Then strange Convulsions they begin to feel,
Embroid'd by Fame, from high to low they reel.
Then you may perish, founder'd in the Storm ;
For what canst thou, in such Distress perform ?
Yet go thou must, tho' Storms by pow'rful Force,
Should dash my Hopes in thy advent'rous Course.
But e'er we part, my best Instructions take,
O mind them well, and mind them for my sake.

“ If

- “ If envious Blasts the Golden Sea controul,
 “ And persecute the Partner of my Soul ;
 “ Some mighty *Neptune*, who commands the Deep,
 “ At thy request will bid the Tempest sleep.
 “ GEORGE is a Great, a Powerful, Peaceful Lord,
 “ Empires are hush, if he but speak the Word.
 “ But if that God allow the Waves to roar,
 “ Retreat to *Africk's* hospitable Shore ;
 “ The Land, where *Trojans* could a *Dido* find,
 “ While *Chandos* rules, must be a Stranger's Friend.

Now Nature calls, and that's a firm Decree,
 Then, precious Piece, once more adieu to thee.
 Ah ! bring a Dram— The sympathizing Glafs
 Trembles like me, and seems to share my Case.
 Pleasure farewell, my *Guinea* I deplore ;
 Who would not mourn, when he has Gold no more ?
 O may we meet in more auspicious Times,
 When *Gold* on *Gold* shall strike harmonious Chimes !
 A sweeter Sound than sympathizing Rhymes.

We'll

We'll share the Joys of a more blissful State,
And wonder at the various Turns of Fate,
Fortune with Fortune pleasantly compare,
Experienc'd grow, and feast in purer Air.

THESE *Silver Shillings* with less Lustre shine,
Pale as my Lips, few Days will they be mine.
Ah! then what shall my Pockets fresh recruit,
To pay for Lodgings, and an half-worn Suit?
Keep me from Jail, be *Drink* of every sort,
A Slice of *Beef*, sometimes—a Pint of *Port*,
(Misers may quaff the foul insipid Beer;
Nectar alone a Poet's Soul can cheer.)
Like *Hercules*, by an immortal Toil,
Give that rude Monster *Poverty* the Foil,
And (if the Fates should disregard my Pray'rs)
At least, a Pipe afford, to whiff away my Cares.

BUT now 'tis time that I begin to save,
For *Wine* to *Silver* is a liquid Grave.

And

And when no *Gold* a Poet's Pocket lines,
 'Tis Criminal to taste the Juice of *Vines*.
 All Money *chang'd*, the less by *changing* grows,
 And thro' our Hands with silent wastings flows;
 Like *Mercury*, when pour'd upon the Floor,
 Each Stroke divides, and multiplies the Store,
 This Thing and that we reckon due Expence;
 This we must have, nor yet with that dispense:
 And, when no Rents come flowing in as fast,
 The Purse is drain'd to Emptiness at last.
 As when a Pool is sluic'd in all its sides,
 Thro' ev'ry Vent the slip'ry Water glides,
 No living Streams supply the swift Decay,
 The Source is dry'd, the Riv'lets die away.

METHINKS I see these *Silver Friends* turn few,
 And *Halfpence* them, as they the *Gold*, pursue.
 Already *Crowns* to *Shillings* have giv'n Place,
 And these assume the *Guinea's* splendid Grace;

Whilst

Whilst ONE remains, I will not quite despair,
Hope after Hope shall still relieve my Care.
And when they're spent, as dubious of my Doom,
I'll e'en think what's of ev'ry *Piece* become.

So Men in Health ne'er mind how Time decays,
Nor what consumes the Treasure of their Days,
'Till ebbing Life is to the lowest wrought,
When Forms of Horror rise in ev'ry Thought,
And in dark Shades Eternity appears,
One Hour, one Moment's worth a length of Years;
In Pangs the precious Minutes past they view.
And dreading what's to come, would fain their Day
renew.





ALLUSION

TO THE

*Splendid Shilling.**

Honos erit huic quoque——Virg.

O All ye NYMPHS, in lawless Love's Disport
 Assiduous! whose ever open Arms
 Both Day and Night stand ready to receive
 The fierce Assaults of *Britain's* Am'rous Sons!

* See a POEM on the same Subject (in the *First* Volume of Mr. *Pat-
 tison's* Poetical Works, pag. 91.) intitled, ΚΤΝΑΤΜΟΓΕΝΙΑ: Or, *Armour*
 for the Gods, a TALE.

X

Whether

Whether in Golden Watch and stiff Brocade
 You shine in Play-house, or the Drawing-Room ;
 Whores thrice Magnificent ! Delight of KINGS,
 And *Lords* of goodliest Note ; or in mean Stuffs
 Ply ev'ry Evening near *St. Clement's* Pile, *
 Or Church of fam'd *St. Dunstan* †, or in Lane,
 Or Alley's dark Recess, or open Street,
 Known by white Apron, bart'ring Love with Cit,
 Or stroling Lawyer's Clerk at cheapest Rate ;
 Whether of *Needham's* or of *Jordan's* Train, **
 Hear, and attend : In ARMOUR's mighty Praise
 I sing, for sure 'tis worthy of a Song. ††
VENUS assist my Lays, Thou who presid'st
 In City-Ball or Courtly-Masquerade,
Goddeſs supreme ! sole Authress of our Loves
 Pure and impure ! whose Province 'tis to rule
 Not only o'er the chaster Marriage-Bed,
 But filthiest Stews, and Houses of kept Dames ! *

* *St. Clement's Church in the Strand.*
 in Fleetstreet.

† *St. Dunstan's Church*

** *Two noted Bawds.*

†† *Carmina digna Deâ, certe est Dea Carmina digna. Ovid.*

*To Thee I call, and with a friendly Voice,
Armour I sing, by *Armour* now secure
 Boldly the willing Maid, by Fear awhile
 Kept virtuous, owns thy Power, and tastes thy Joys
 Tumultuous; Joys untasted but for Thee.
 Unknown big Belly, and the squawling Brat,
 Best Guard of Modesty! She riots now
 Thy Vorr'y, in the Fulness of thy Bliss.
 Happy the Man, who in his Pocket keeps,
 Whether with Green or Scarlet Ribband bound,
 A well-made C——He, nor dreads the Ills
 Of *Shankers* or *Cordee*, or *Buboes* Dire!
 Thrice happy He——for when in lewd Embrace
 Of Transport-feigning Whore, Creature obscene!
 The cold insipid Purchase of a Crown!
 Bless'd Chance! Sight seldom seen! and mostly given
 By Templar, or Oxonian——Best Support
 Of *Drury*, and her starv'd Inhabitants;
 With C—— arm'd he wages am'rous Fight

* To thee I call, but with no friendly Voice. Devil in Milton.

Fearless, secure ; nor Thought of future Pains
 Resembling Pricks of Pin and Needle's Point,
 E'er checks his Raptures, or disturbs his Joys ;
 So *AjAX*, *Grecian-Chief*, with seven-fold Shield,
 Enormous ! brav'd the *Trojan's* fiercest Rage ;
 While the hot daring Youth, whose giddy Lust
 Or Taste too exquisite, in Danger's Spite
 Resolves upon FRUITION, unimpair'd
 By intervening Armour, C — hight !
 Scarce three Days past, bewails the dear-bought Bliss,
 For now tormented sore with scalding Heat
 Of Urine, dread Fore-runner of a *Clap* !
 With Eye repentant, he surveys his Shirt
 Diversify'd with Spots of yellow Hue,
 Sad Symptom of ten thousand Woes to come !
 Now no Relief, but from the Surgeon's Hand,
 Or Pill-prescribing-Leach*, tremendous Sight
 To Youth diseas'd ! In Garret high he moans
 His wretched Fate, where vex'd with nauseous
Draughts,

* *An old Word for Doctor.*

And

And more afflicting *Bolus*, he in Pangs
 Unfelt before, curses the dire Result
 Of lawless Revelling; from Morn to Eve
 By never-ceasing keen *Emeticks* urg'd;
 Nor flights he now his Grannum's Sage Advice:
 Nor feels he only but in Megrim'd Head,
 Head fraught with Horror—Child of Sallow Spleen,
 Millions of idle Whims and Fancies dance
 Alternate, and perplex his labouring Mind.
 What erst he has been told of sad Mischance
 Either in *Pox* or *Clap*, of falling Nose,
 Scrap'd Shins, and *Bubo's* Pains, of vile Effect!
 All feels the Youth, or fancies that he feels.
 Nay, be it but a *Gleet*, or gentlest *Clap*,
 His ill-foreboding Fears deny him Rest,
 And fancy'd *Poxes* vex his tortur'd Bones:
 Too late convinc'd of *Armour's* sovereign Use.
 Hail, *Manes* of Love-propagating Pimp!
 Long since deceas'd, and long by me ador'd;
 From whose prolific Brain, by lucky Hit,

Or

Or Inspiration from all-gracious Heaven,
 First sprang the mighty Secret ; Secret to guard
 From Poison virulent of unsound Dame.
 Hail, happy *Albion*, in whose fruitful Land
 The wondrous * Pimp arose, from whose strange Skill
 In inmost Nature, thou hast reap'd more Fame,
 More solid Glory, than from *NEWTON*'s Toil ;
NEWTON who next is *England*'s noblest Boast :
 If aught I can presage, as *Smyrna* once,
Chios and *Colophon*, and *Rhodian-Isle*,
 Famous for vast *Coloss* ; and *Argos* fair
 And *Salamis*, well known for *Grecian* Fight
 With mighty *XERXES* ; and the Source of Arts,
 High *Athens* ! long contended for the Praise
 Of *HOMER*'s Birth-Place, blind, egregious Bard !
 In after Times, so shall with warm Dispute
Europa's rival Cities proudly strive,
 Ambitious each of being deem'd the Seat
 Where *CONDOMANNUS* first drew vital Air.

* A certain Colonel was the Inventor.

Too cruel Fate—Partial to Human Race—
 To us propitious—But O hard Decree!
 Why, why so long in darksome Womb of Night
 Dwelt the profound Arcanum, late reveal'd;
 Say I not rather, why ye niggard Stars,
 Are not your Blessings given unpall'd with Ill,
 And Love, your greatest Blessing, free from Curse,
 Curse of Disease! How many gallant Youths
 Have fallen by the Iron Hand of Death
 Untimely, immature? As if to Love,
 Your everlasting Purpose, were a Crime.
 But O ye Youths born under happier Stars,
Britannia's chieftest Hopes! upon whose Cheeks
 Gay Health sits smiling, and whose nervous Limbs
 Sweet Ease, her Offspring fair! invigorates
 Unbrac'd as yet by foul Contagion,
 Fav'rites of Fortune! let th'unhappy Lot
 Of others, teach you timely to beware;
 That when replete with Love, and spurr'd by Lust,
 You seek the *Fair-One* in her Cobweb Haunts,

Or

Or when allur'd by Touch of passing Wench,
 Or caught by Smile insidious of the Nymph
 Who in Green-Box, at Play-house nightly flaunts,
 And fondly calls thee to Love's luscious Feast,
 You cautious stay awhile, till fitly *arm'd*
 With proper Shield, at * *RUMMER* best supply'd,
 Or never-failing * *ROSE*; so may you thrum
 Th'exstatick Harlot, and each joyous Night
 Crown with fresh Raptures; till at last unhurt
 And sated with the Banquet, you retire.

By me forewarn'd, thus may you ever tread
 Love's pleasing Paths in blest Security.

* *Two famous Taverns, near Covent-Garden.*



F I N I S.

